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MEMOIR OF THE LATE JAMES NORTHCOTE, Esq. R.A.

NOW that the venerable Northcote is no more\*, it appears that the last link which connected us with the memory of Sir Joshua is gone, as he was the only living disciple of the school of that illustrious painter these latter years have known.

It is now nearly half a century since Mr. Northcote took possession of his residence in Argyll-place, and from year to year we have ever and anon been in the habit of making a morning call, and holding a friendly chat with him in his *sanctum sanctorum*, for really it was such to him; and we behold him in imagination still there, in his corner back room on the first floor, wrapped in his patched morning gown, painting, and reasoning at the same time, with powers of abstraction that frequently caused the listener to marvel.

It was in this narrow chamber, the dimensions of which could not be more than nine feet wide by twelve in length, indifferently lighted too with one window nearly of a southern aspect, that he wrought some of his finest works; and therein conversations have been held, with him and certain who could be named of his morning coterie, which, were it possible faithfully to record, with Greek names to the colloquial parties, might pass current for Athenian wisdom,—or what we are taught to suppose Athenian wisdom might be.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "When a man hates, give me a thorough hater;" by which the great moralist may have meant, if he had intended any meaning to be attached to the observation, "I hate your mealy-mouthed, who in reviling do things by halves." Northcote would have delighted the "literary leviathan," for he was a thorough hater when he hated, and his declamations at times, when he was in the right mood,

\* He died at his house in Argyll-place, the 13th of July last, in the 86th year of his age.

touching this faculty, were as racy as the most charitably disposed could delight in walking up two flights of a staircase to listen to. Had Northcote turned his hand to satiric poetry instead of writing fables, we should have had a *Dunciad* of painters, so potent, rich, and spicy, that Pope's, to the amateurs of such dainty fare, would be in comparison a mere tasteless dish.

Certain men of mind, strange as it may appear to all, saving and excepting philosophers, seem to delight in abuse. Distinguished moralists have been eminent for this faculty; religionists too, have left us the benefit of their example, in the practice of this habit of "speaking out." Calvin "called names" with delectable spite; and Luther spoke of his fellows with no measured expression of execration and contempt. Burke was an adept in the art; and Johnson's tongue alone supplied a vocabulary of potent nouns for abuse. The most extraordinary characteristic of this faculty, however, is, that those who have practised it with the highest reputation, have been frequently philanthropists,—kind-hearted men, who, malgré this accomplishment in the art of reviling *anybody* that happened to cross their path, yet, were ready to go out of the road to do a kindness for *everybody*. "The wrath of the most illustrious railers," as Caleb Whiteford used to say, "after all, is mere *brutum fulmen*."

Northcote was certainly one of that *caste* of philosophers denominated *Cynics*. He however was not quite so indiscriminate in his revilings as some of the celebrated professors of that enlightened school, who attack the reputation of friend and foe, without the least tincture of mental reservation. Opie he always spared; living and dead he would stoutly defend his reputation against all Christendom; and so great was his veneration for his preceptor Reynolds, that he would never allow any one to utter aught to the disparagement of his memory—but himself. Even then, he never failed to extenuate by comment, whatever he had said unkindly of Sir Joshua, as though he owed it in piety to the venerated spirit of his master, which might perchance be hovering near him.

A certain nobleman, whilst sitting to Northcote for his portrait, was drawing a comparison between Sir Joshua and the ancient masters, to the disadvantage of our great painter: Northcote battled it out bravely in his defence. "But, sir," said his lordship, "look at the grace, the feeling of Raffaele." "Feeling! feeling!" emphatically echoed the cynic, "Reynolds was all feeling;—the ancients were baysts\* (beasts) in feeling!"

\* Mr. Northcote spoke in the provincial pronunciation of the West of England, as also did Sir Joshua.

Mr. Northcote, on leaving Sir Joshua, commenced portrait-painter ; but his imagination leading him to the indulgence of a more-independent, though less lucrative branch of art, he determined to cultivate the study of historical painting. In furtherance of this object, he travelled to Rome, and on his return to England soon evinced, by the applause which he obtained, that he had not mistaken his *forte*.

About this period, Mr. Alderman Boydell had achieved an object which renders his memory, not only dear to the artists and the amateurs of the Fine Arts, but honoured amongst the list of British Worthies, as one of the most usefully enterprising of our commercialists. The art of engraving had not been successfully practised in England, until this enlightened trader embarked his property in its promotion. He procured the loan of pictures by the old masters from the collections of the few noblemen and gentlemen who had picture galleries, and employed artists to copy others abroad ; from these he engaged the best engravers in their various branches to make engravings, increasing the remuneration, in proportion to their respective exertions, and that of the success of his speculations, with a spirit of liberality which would have become an enlightened prince.

Having achieved this first experiment, Mr. Boydell commissioned certain amongst our most distinguished painters to 'produce compositions from history, and other subjects ; and having them engraved also by the best native artists, he had the felicity to live to see a school of engraving established, which commencing under his auspices, not only could compete with that of France, heretofore the first in the world, but had the additional gratification of turning the balance of the print trade, as ten to one in favour of England.

Mr. Northcote, being at this time one of the most promising painters of the British school, was employed by Mr. Boydell, and other print-sellers indeed, who, influenced by his success, became publishers ; and prints from the designs of Northcote were seen framed and glazed on the walls of the higher order of dwellings in every part of the kingdom. One of the most admired, entitled 'The Village Doctress,' had for several years a considerable sale. Familiar subjects of this class, painted from their prototypes in nature, and thus circulated by the aid of engraving, in fact, it was, which first excited a general feeling in favour of the graphic arts throughout the country.

The period, however, was approaching, when a new and a higher impulse was to be given to the native schools of painting and engraving, in the formation of the Shakspeare Gallery. About the year 1786, a

scheme was proposed to form a collection of pictures illustrative of our great dramatic author, which were to be publicly exhibited, with a view to forming a splendid work in folio in honour of the Bard of Avon.

Mr. Boydell at once adopted the proposal for this great national undertaking; and commencing with enthusiastic zeal, this munificent commercialist supplied the funds, and at once gave employment to every distinguished painter in the empire.

It was this memorable occasion that enabled Northcote to develop his powers as a painter. The public excitement for the opening of the Shakspeare Gallery exceeded the expectations of even the most sanguine. All the fashionable world, and crowds of every class, flocked to Pall Mall to behold the interesting sight, and subscriptions poured in from every quarter in support of the glorious novelty.

Amongst the many splendid efforts of British art which were thus collected together, none were more justly attractive than the compositions of Northcote. The scene of the smothering the royal children in the Tower of London; that of taking their bodies secretly by torch-light for interment at the foot of the stone steps; the subject of Arthur and Hubert; and others by his pencil, certainly may be reckoned amongst the best specimens of the state of British art at this flourishing period of its history. These works manifestly proved how successfully as a colourist he had imbibed the feelings of his illustrious master. Northcote had now attained to the zenith of his fame, and he received the rewards of it by being elected an Academician the following year.

It is greatly to be regretted, however, that a project thus auspiciously begun, and promising as it did the continuance of that public support which would remunerate the liberal-minded proprietor, too soon satisfied that public curiosity which, ever seeking novelty, turns with apathy from that sight to-day, which but yesterday, as it were, filled the eye with delight, and leaves without remorse, full Hope, to fast with Disappointment. The Shakspeare Gallery speculation proved an entire failure; and the venerable commercialist, in his patriotic endeavour to still further the interest of the arts of his country—made a wreck of his fortune!

The eclat which certain painters obtained during the short season of popularity which the Shakspeare Gallery experienced, began to decline, and Northcote and some others seem to have lost much of their wonted energy from this unfortunate epoch. It is true that they still continued to paint, and laboured long and steadily; but the fire that



was kindled on the establishing of this national race for fame, soon burnt with less ardour; and still declining, the flame by degrees could scarcely warm the genius that gave it birth.

Mr. Northcote from this period divided his professional labours between historical composition, fancy subjects, and portraiture, until, becoming enamoured with the dramatic style of composition, he was induced to paint a series of moral subjects, illustrative of Virtue and Vice, in the progress of two young women. These, it appears, were intended to rival the works of Hogarth; but although the main points of this graphic drama bore directly upon the subject, the characters were certainly wanting in that great and most essential property,—expression; to say nothing of the general deficiency of the series in that painter-like execution, which is so admirably displayed in the *Marriage à-la-mode* and other works of Hogarth.

We are led to speak thus freely of these Hogarthian subjects by Northcote, as a set-off against the unqualified expressions of contempt which he was wont to use touching Hogarth's vanity in attempting the grand gusto of composition. Hogarth, no doubt, committed himself by his departure from that style of design by which he so deservedly obtained his reputation; but his attempt at the epic of painting, to say the least of it, was not a degree lower on the scale of excellence than that of Northcote's attempt at this species of composition. It is worthy of remark that the failure of Northcote in this vain effort to prove what he had intended,—namely, to show how easy it were to descend from the heroic style, to depict the common-place scenes of life,—operated upon his mind to the warping of his integrity, if not his judgement; for although he piqued himself upon his candour, he affected to despise Hogarth's vainglory, merely to cover his own defeat.

Little observation is required to discover that the most acute power of judging of other men's deficiencies does not secure the critic against blindness to his own defects. Northcote, in his eagerness to prove that it demanded no great scope of talent to produce such subjects as Hogarth invented, on the contrary exposed himself to the inquiry,—What extent of mind will supply material for epic composition? You have attempted both; in one you have proved yourself respectable, and in the other have exposed your incompetency.

Nothing surely can be more ridiculous than that superciliousness with which some professors of what is assumed to be a higher order of art, presume to speak of the works of another whose pursuits are of an inferior caste. The fame of Hogarth and Wilkie may, without great prophetic assumption, be pronounced likely to last as long as that of

any epic painter of the same age in which they may fairly be denominated masters.

Mr. Northcote had a great affection for his art; indeed, like many another Genius, as such wights are designated, he evinced his fond predilection for "dabbling in paint" at a very early period of life. His father, it is believed, like many another head of a family, felt little pride in the ingenuity of his son; sagely considering that his little Apelles would have to contend with those who maintain "substantial pudding to be more worthy than empty fame." He therefore determined to make him a maker of watches, and being a watchmaker himself, apprenticed him to his own trade, which he practised with renown at Plymouth, at which place the subject of this memoir was born.

Mr. Northcote had attained to manhood before he left his native home, and was nearly twenty-five years of age ere he arrived in London to become the pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The tyro, it appears, was introduced to the great limner by his father's friend, and the friend of Sir Joshua too, the Rev. Dr. Zachary Mudge, with that good reputation which induced Sir Joshua to give him a trial, although with no great reliance on his talent, as his progress in art, which had been obtained in a very desultory way, bore little correspondence with the advancement of others many years junior to himself. Mr. Northcote's diligence, however, soon made amends for his deficiencies, and his improvement obtained for him the esteem of his preceptor, to whom he became a very useful disciple.

Had Mr. Northcote confined himself to the study of portraiture, it is likely that he would have attained eminence, for he had a just perception of character, and his style was free from affectation. It is evident that he never painted but with his mind's eye upon the colouring of Sir Joshua, although he not unfrequently fancied that he was proceeding as did Titian, Rubens, or Vandyke.

It is remarkable, however, that his sojourn in Rome, and his visits to other parts of Italy in pursuit of his art, wrought so little change in his style, that no one could discover the least rudiment of that severe gusto which is so eminently displayed in the works of the Roman and other Italian masters, and which may be quoted in obvious contradistinction to the style of the British school.

That he was enthusiastic in the pursuit of his art, may be inferred from many expressions which escaped him on the impulse of the moment when speaking of certain works of the great old masters. He took delight in painting wild animals, both beasts and birds; and on one occasion, whilst making a study of a vulture from nature, he laid

down his palette, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "I lately beheld an eagle painted by Titian, and if Heaven would give me the power to achieve such a work, I would then be content to die."

The conversational powers of Mr. Northcote, which were singularly conspicuous for acuteness and perception, are supposed to have originated in the delight with which, even in his boyhood, he listened to the colloquies of Dr. Mudge, and other men of superior intellect, familiar visitors at his father's. Great conversationalists are commonly reputed as idlers. Northcote insisted upon this axiom; yet it would be difficult to name another who talked more than himself, or who discoursed on all subjects more to the purpose. He, however, as observed before, worked and talked at the same time; hence he escaped the imputation of being an idler, by making others idle; for devoted as he was to conversation, he only received, but did not pay visits for the sake of a gossip. He considered time as property, indeed, and being parsimonious naturally and habitually, he valued it accordingly.

Lest this truth, however, may appear too severe a reflection on the memory of a very upright man, it should be known, on the authority of his own confession, that having seen whilst at his early home the painful consequences of want of due attention to economy, he formed a resolution on entering life to avoid incurring debts; preferring independence, even coupled with poverty, rather than splendour of appearance with the endurance of insult from creditors. This resolution he most righteously kept, and hence resulted that tranquillity which enabled him for many years to pursue his art unmolested in his little studio. Such indeed was the happiness which he experienced there, that once, when confined by sickness and talking to a friend of a future state, he observed, "If Providence were to leave me the liberty of choosing my heaven, I should be content to occupy my little painting-room, with a continuance of the happiness I have experienced there, even for ever."

Mr. Northcote distinguished himself also as an author, having in addition to the Fables we have mentioned, given the world a Memoir of his preceptor, Sir J. Reynolds; and only two years ago, after he had attained octogenarian honours of age, published a Life of Titian, which at least proved his enthusiastic, unabated admiration of that unrivalled master. Though somewhat foreign to the purpose of this biographical notice, we cannot resist the gratification of stating, that when the first Number of this publication was put into his hands, he desired the expression of his satisfaction to be repeated to the Editor for the manner in which he was referred to, adding that he had attained his hopes and object

of life to find himself thus mentioned,—being willing to accept the commendation, as though it were the decision of posterity on his character.

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#### LIFE OF THE CHEVALIER GIOVANNI BAPTISTA PIRANESI.

THIS artist, though one of the most celebrated, as he certainly was one of the most extraordinary that the last century produced, has scarcely met with that degree of notice from the lovers of art in England to which his merit would entitle his memory. The life of Piranesi was eminently that of a man of genius, characterized by all the peculiarities ascribable to genius, perhaps as failures of human nature, but also distinguished by that which imparts to its possessor an imperishable renown. Those peculiarities are worthy of notice, as they bear so much on the character of his works; but his works, wonderful as they are in point of execution, are less to be admired for this than for the interest of the subjects he chose, and that which he imparted to them. In an age of frivolities, he boldly and single-handed dared to strike out for himself a new road to fame; and in dedicating his talents to the recording and illustrating from ancient writers the mouldering relics of former times, he met with a success as great as it was deserved, combining, as he did, all that was beautiful in art with all that was interesting in the remains of antiquity.

Piranesi, according to a memoir of him written by one of his sons\*, was born at Venice in the year 1720. His father was a mason; and discovering in him an extraordinary aptitude for architecture, sent him to Rome when eighteen years of age, to pursue there his favourite studies. By disposition extremely impetuous, his imagination was worked upon in a manner beyond the calculations of his father when musing over the monuments of former times, and he then imbibed that enthusiastic affection for that peculiar line of studies which attended and increased upon him every succeeding year. No particulars are given of his early pursuits, except that he studied perspective under the brothers Valenani, (painters possessed of some reputation,) and afterwards engraving in the *atelier* of the Chevalier Vasi, who published some Views of Rome. After three years residence at Rome his father wished him to return to Venice, and on his expressing a disinclination to do so threatened to withdraw the small allowance he made him of six Spanish

\* In MS. in the possession of the Editor.—It is much to be regretted that the spirited publishers, Messrs. Priestley and Weale, who had announced its publication some years since, have thought proper to abandon it.

piastres per month\*. Piranesi answered that Rome was the home of his affections, that he could not exist but among the monuments of her magnificence, and that rather than give up his residence there he would prefer to give up the allowance. The father very shortly after carried his threat into effect, and a complete estrangement took place between Piranesi and his relations. In the mean time Piranesi exerted himself to the utmost to compensate himself for the withdrawal of his father's favour, and in 1741 published his first work, on the Triumphal Arches, Bridges, Inscriptions, Temples, Amphitheatres, and other monuments of Greek and Roman architecture, which he dedicated to Bottasi, a celebrated antiquary. The work was favourably received by the public; it was the first attempt to treat architecture in engraving with skill and taste, and the strangers in Rome, especially the English, with alacrity hastened to procure the engravings. Notwithstanding this, however, he had great difficulty, with the utmost economy, to find the means of subsisting for many years, and purchase the materials necessary for the prosecution of his favourite studies. Some little assistance, however, he found about this time in the fortune of a wife. He happened one Sunday to see the daughter of the gardener to the Prince Corsini, whose features, and especially her black eyes, perfectly convinced him that she was possessed of genuine descent from the ancient Romans; nor was her dowry of a hundred and fifty piastres of small consideration in the scale, though the jealous watchfulness he maintained, sometimes much to her discomfort through life, would prove that the marriage was not entered into with merely mercenary motives. To his friends however he mentioned his intention of marrying, because it would enable him to procure the means of beginning his work on Roman Antiquities; and the whole history of his courtship, as it appears to have been given in an account by himself, must be considered equally characteristic and amusing.

At the very first interview he asked her hand in marriage; and though his ardour frightened her at first, he contrived to obtain the consent of all parties to the celebration of their nuptials within five days afterwards. After the ceremony, he placed beside her dowry his finished plates and his unfinished designs, observing that their whole fortune was before her, but that in three years her portion should be doubled. He continued his labours, and kept his word. They went to reside in the house now occupied by the celebrated Thorwaldsen, and seem to have lived on the whole happily, though his notions of the rights of a

\* A piastre is about five shillings of English money.

husband and father, founded on those of the *pater-familias* of the Romans, were no doubt carried to the extreme. In his ardent attention to his studies, his son complains that he would frequently forget his meals, in which case his young children, who did not dare to interrupt him, were often deprived of that nourishment which their tender age demanded, while in other respects his system of coercion and discipline was carried to an extent beyond their strength.

With all this, however, every year witnessed an immense addition to his labours. Remarkable for his rare ability as an engraver, for which he is principally entitled for his eminence in the history of the Arts, he was as singular in his mode of execution as for the originality and boldness of his designs. He is said to have generally drawn his design upon the plate itself, without any or the slightest preparation, completing it for the most part upon the spot, and performing the whole of the operation by the agency of the aquafortis alone, with but very immaterial assistance from the engraver's tool. Though not repeated by the son, tradition reports, with every appearance of probability, that it was a favourite plan with him, having previously selected the particular object of study so as to have his mind well imbued with the minutiae of the buildings, to complete his designs of the vast architectural piles at the period of the full moon, and effect those bold and masterly productions which have so deservedly obtained the decided admiration of the world of taste. This story might appear to owe its origin to the strong *chiar'oscuro* of his designs; but it appears certain that he often used to shut himself up at such periods from his family and friends, and it would be difficult to account for the peculiar effect of many of his works without adopting such a supposition. He worked with such amazing rapidity as well as truth and thorough knowledge of the subject, and such consummate mastery of the principles of the art he professed, that the number of his productions and the magnitude of his plates almost seem to exceed belief. In the course of about forty years, the period of his professional life, he published nearly two thousand plates, each of inimitable excellence, in number and magnitude superior to what has been left us by any other artist. The following are some of his principal works, though it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to give an accurate account of all he published, and many that were left unfinished at the period of his death. We may however here observe that his children, three sons and two daughters, all seem to have been brought up to assist him in his labours, and he had many pupils, among whom were Piroli and several others who have since attained considerable fame, though the assistance he could have possibly obtained from them must after all

have been very inconsiderable, when we consider the peculiarity of his manner, and how little the spirit of it has been caught by any of his scholars in their subsequent productions.

*Architectura Romana*, or Roman Antiquities, comprised in 208 plates (atlas paper), commencing by a topographical view of ancient Rome, made from a curious antique plan of the city, found in the Temple of *Romulus*, and now preserved in the Museum of the Capitol. These with descriptions in Italian form four volumes atlas folio.

*Fasti Consulares triumphalesque Romanorum ab urbe condita usque ad Tiberium Cæsarem.*

*Antichità d'Albano e di Castel Gondolfo*: 35 plates.

*Campus Martius Antiquæ Urbis*, with descriptions in Latin and Italian: 54 plates.

*Della Magnificenza ed Architettura de' Romani*: 44 plates, 200 pages of letter-press, Latin, and Italian.—This work, it should seem, was occasioned by some dialogues published in London in 1755, entitled 'The Investigator,' which publication contained some invective against the ancient Romans, and had been interpreted to Piranesi, so as to influence his ardent spirit to this mode of vindication\*.

*Architectura diversa*: 27 plates.

*Carceri d'Invenzione*: 16 plates, full of the wildest but picturesque conceptions.

About 130 separate Views of Rome in its present state, in the grandest style of design, and boldest manner of etching.

Besides these there is also extant, in a few hands, as it was not generally published, but only given to a few particular friends, a small work of this artist, containing letters of justification to Lord Charlemont, in which he assigns the reasons why he did not dedicate his Roman Antiquities to that nobleman, as he had intended. Piranesi from these appears to have been extremely irritated against his lordship and his agents for neglect or ill-treatment: but the most curious part of his work is,—that he has taken the pains to etch in a small quarto size, and with the most exact neatness, yet with all his accustomed freedom, correct copies of the four original frontispieces in which the name of his intended patron was to have been immortalized; and as if the first impressions had been cut out, and the new names inserted on small pieces let into them, as the ancients sometimes practised. In this form they still remain in his frontispieces,—a peculiarity which would not

\* This incident will remind the reader of our own eminent Barry, whose character also in many respects might be compared to Piranesi's.



have been understood without this key. There are also head and tail pieces, all full of imagination, and alluding to the matters and persons involved in the dispute. This work is dated in 1757.

Piranesi was well known to several English artists who studied in Rome; among others to the eminent Mr. Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge, with whom he held a regular correspondence for several years, and for whom he engraved a View of that structure in its unfinished state, representing with precision the parts subsequent to its entire construction, the centres of the arches, &c., for the sake of preserving a memorial of them. Some of his works are also dedicated to another celebrated British architect, Robert Adam, with whom he became acquainted at Rome. Piranesi was chosen a fellow of the Antiquarian Society of London in 1758; which honour, it should seem, he was proud of possessing, as he always carefully subjoined that title to his name in his subsequent works. He was likewise a member of the Academy of the *Arcadi*, by the name of *Salernido Tisio*, as he has given it in one of his frontispieces; this was according to a fantastic custom of that Association, to give a new nomenclature to persons admitted to their privileges.

Piranesi has been accused of suffering his imagination to embellish his designs, even when given as real Views; and, it is said, not without reason. But this accusation must not be repeated to his discredit, as there are certainly many circumstances in nature where the hand of taste is required to correct exuberance, and place objects in the most picturesque and agreeable point of view. It is true that this important task should be entrusted to genius alone; but Piranesi most assuredly was admirably qualified to undertake it. Though professedly an architect, he seems to have indulged his taste less in creations of his own than in recording the works of old, though several of the Sovereign Pontiffs, especially Clement XIII., gave him commissions to repair or rebuild several of the churches of Rome, among which the principal were the Priory of Malta, and the church S. Maria del popolo.

The lover of art regards Piranesi with admiration, as one of the first names in art, for his ingenuity and vastness of invention, his excellence of execution, and the wonderful originality and boldness of his designs: but if a scholar, he regards him with still fonder enthusiasm, as one who gave up his energies to the perpetuating the relics of antiquity, and by his learning and research illustrating those remains, and, so teaching the public justly to appreciate them, preserved them from wanton attacks and neglect, to which they had been previously exposed. Nor was his enthusiasm contented with this attention. It has already

been mentioned, that he published an Answer to the charges of 'The Investigator,' which had spoken of the Romans as a barbarous people before their conquest of Greece. In his Answer, Piranesi showed that the most magnificent architectural works of Rome were of a date antecedent to that event; and that though undoubtedly some ornaments were afterwards borrowed from the Greeks, yet the magnificent scale and severe style of original Roman architecture, which had descended to them from the Etruscans, was even superior in architectural grandeur to that of the Greeks. He also had a controversy with the learned Volpi respecting the character of some of the ancient temples, in which he proved his deep antiquarian knowledge.

The Letters he published addressed to Lord Charlemont show the peculiar impetuosity of his mind. It is difficult to decide on the merits of such a question; but patrons are too apt to forget, in the easiness of their souls, the hardships which Genius is too often compelled to encounter, and do not, perhaps cannot, sufficiently extend that indulgence to the irritabilities produced by those circumstances which their situation might warrant. His lordship, however, appealed to Roman justice; and Piranesi, on this as on several other occasions, had to feel the consequences of his impetuosity, though he generally found friends powerful enough to assist him through such difficulties.

We cannot close this notice of him without repeating our observation, that his merits are not sufficiently appreciated in England. Among us, his works do not bear the same price as in Paris or Rome, where accordingly they are principally to be found. This however may surprise us the less, when we consider that such is also the fate of our own Martin, whose genius is so kindred to that of Piranesi,—the same vastness, boldness, and originality of conception, the same facility of execution, the same other-worldliness of imagination. Let us hope that this age will not witness longer the exclusion of Martin's name from the Academy, to the honours of which his genius would so highly entitle him: foreigners hear of it with astonishment, and draw from it the most unfavourable conclusions.

Piranesi died at Rome of a slight disorder, rendered dangerous by neglect, on the 9th of Nov. 1778, surrounded by his family, who erected to his memory, in his principal architectural work, the Priory of Malta, a statue of him in an antique dress, of which we give an engraving, and which is thus mentioned by Baron Stolberg in his Travels:—"Here is a fine statue of the architect Piranesi as large as life, placed there by his son. It is the work of a living artist, Angolini;—and though it certainly cannot be compared with the best antiquities, it still possesses real merit."

## SKETCHES BY A TRAVELLING ARCHITECT.

(Continued from vol. i. p. 403.)

## JOURNEY TO GENOA.

IN merely passing through Nemours, Montargis, La Charité, Nevers, and Moulins, I had no time for remark. Fatigued beyond all patient endurance by the joltings of a diligence during three entire days and nights, I arrived at Lyons one rainy morning two hours before day-break, and with difficulty procured a bed, which at other times would have been with difficulty slept upon. As it was, however, I "blest my stars, and thought it luxury."

Somewhat refreshed with a twelve-hours stay at Lyons, I joined a party in the diligence for Turin. At *Pont de Beauvoisin* we made our exit from the kingdom of France, and opened our trunks to the custom-house officers of Savoy. About three miles from this barrier, the mountain grandeurs first present themselves, claiming from the untravelled mind no small share of admiration and wonder. Leaving the old crazy coach to follow us at leisure, we traversed the first magnificent pass on foot, where a road, perfected by Napoleon, renders what was once terrific and dangerous, commodious and secure. As if by some sudden convulsion, the mountains seem to have been rent in twain. One side of this mighty chasm is perpendicular, the other a little slanting, and on the latter is formed the road just alluded to, which, as a work of art, is even more extraordinary than the natural grandeurs around it. Immense masses of granite hang over-head, and in the abyss below roars the mountain torrent, sometimes seen furiously rushing through its narrow course, and at other moments heard only. A little beyond *Echelles*, commences the *Chemin de la grotte*: but the object claiming most particular notice is the grotto itself. From the distance a small hole is seen in the mountain side, apparently no larger than the aperture in a bee-hive, but which, on arriving (by means of a winding and gradual ascent,) we find to be the portal of an enormous passage or tunnel, worked through the whole thickness of a mountain, wide as a turnpike-road, and high in proportion, though to pronounce it sufficiently spacious for the easy passage of two French diligences abreast, is at once to explain its capacity. Winding between the hills on the other side, we came to *Chambery*, whence, after a three-hours pause, we moved onward, and arrived at *Montmeillant*

"When dying clouds contend with growing light."

Rarely does the sun break upon a sweeter scene than was here presented. Yet, amid this beautiful country, the most disgusting blemishes continually arrest the sight; and, "not to speak it profanely," among the "lords of the soil" are to be found the blemishes alluded to. Vines bending over the weighty clusters of their luscious fruit, and fat drunkards reposing underneath, may be seen in many a bas-relief, antique and modern; but the ugly beings who inhabit the vineyards of Savoy are to be found, as we hope, in Savoy only. Diseased, squallid, and mis-shapen, they presented themselves before us at the coach-door, and croaked forth a most discordant solicitation for charity. The irrepressible disgust, however, occasioned by their hideous exterior, almost precluded compassion. These unfortunates are, in general, very short and squat, with faces bearing an unfavourable resemblance to that of an ugly Laplander, and complexions of a brown, cadaverous hue. Their principal deformity consists in being loaded with thrice the quantity of neck usually allotted to their species, and which is frequently so large as to extend like a thick collar, considerably beyond the head it supports. The cause of this frightful protuberance (called a *goître*) is by some attributed to the snow water which they are obliged to drink as the beverage most generally suiting their extreme poverty, and unbenefited as they are by wholesome springs; nor has any more plausible reason yet been assigned.

I shall not attempt to particularize the beauties of the Savoyard scenery: from *Pont de Beauvoisin*, we have a continued series of pictures, gradually increasing in magnificence to the prevention of satiety, till the grandeur of Mount Cenis eclipses all.

The traveller is apt to miscalculate the real magnitude of the Alps, when viewing them from the Savoy side. Forgetting that he has been for two or three days on the ascent, he takes the last peak of Cenis for the whole mountain. Nor is the mistake observed, even on obtaining the topmost height—on the contrary, more unsuspected—and, consequently, the impression first received is one of disappointment. At no great distance below, is seen a level of considerable extent, with a beautiful lake and mountain chain bounding the distance. The error, however, of taking this for the plain of Italy, is soon apparent. The verge of the flat obtained, we begin rapidly to descend, and so continue without intermission, winding down the edge of the mountains, whose summits are lost in clouds and distance long before the eye has fathomed the depth below. The passage of the mountain from *Lans-le-bourg* to *Suza* occupied eight hours.

*Eccoci giunti!* Behold us then in Piedmont, the vestibule of

## ITALY.

A moderate supper at an immoderate price was the first subject of complaint; and, in truth, the man who has been for three days caged in a French diligence, has not, in the mean time, acquired so superabundant a share of good-nature as to put up patiently with imposition.

We left Suza by moon-light, and at seven o'clock in the morning entered *Turin*, a very pleasing city, both as regarding itself and the situation it occupies. The architecture is regular and imposing, though with little to claim exclusive remark. The plan of the town is worthy of more general, though by no means universal adoption. Its peculiarity consists in the rectangular disposition of the street, there being scarcely any deviation from a right line throughout the city.

I felt more at home here than in Paris. The dress of the people differs less from our own than the fashion of the French capital; and the shops, markets, and manufactories, put me more in mind of *Oxford-street* and *Piccadilly*, than of the *Boulevards* or *Palais Royal*. There appeared less fashionable laziness, and more respectable industry than I had lately seen; more cleanliness, no offensive smells, a fine clear air, smooth pavements, and civil people.

Sleeping at Turin only one night, I proceeded onwards for *Genoa*, in company with a Somersetshire squire and an Italian merchant. The latter immediately dispensing with the formalities of introduction, ultimately affected an intimacy between my countryman and self, although we eyed each other with much suspicion during the first day.

After the mountainous tract of Savoy, the plains of Italy seem doubly plain. As you approach *Genoa*, however, the scenery assumes a character of much beauty. *Alessandria* and *Asti* are the principal towns on the road; the former remarkable for the strength of its fortifications, the latter as being the birth-place of "the divine Alfieri."

*Genoa* is called "the superb," and not without some reason, though the justice of that unbounded encomium bestowed upon the town by Italians, and generally acceded to by travellers, is questionable. Among John Bull's follies is not that of overrating the beauty of his handy-works in England. He is rather too insensible and silent upon the subject; and might well expatiate upon real grandeurs at home, where he only duns our ear with overcharged descriptions of what he has seen abroad; relying more on the veracity of a foreign guide-book, than on the correctness of his own judgement or taste.

The city of *Genoa* does not merit the title of *superb*. Its internal aspect is rich without being effective. That which is truly good must be sought within-doors; the rest is, in general, gaudy and theatrical.

A long street divided into three parts, each known by a different name, is said to be composed of *palaces*. Three streets of palaces! Superb indeed!

But, be it known, every house at all above the common run, is in Italy called a *palazzo*; so that were we in London to adopt the same style of denomination, we should speak, not of Mr. Baring's house in Piccadilly, &c., but of "the Baring palace," &c. &c.

In the fronts of the Genoese *palazzi* we frequently see the chisel entirely cheated of its labour by the painter's brush; and the eye of the architect (however that of the "happy ignorant" may be deceived) is apt to alight with some degree of severity upon this miserable apology for the thing imitated. The weather, too, as it seems, is equally inimical to such architectural hypocrisy; for there is hardly a single instance where the artist might not go over his work again, and patch upon the lie to make it good.

Let it be confessed, however, that the profusion of marble columns, vases, statues, staircases, &c. is, in extent, almost beyond computation; and that the *Ducal Palace* is no less prominent for the excellence of its design, than for the costliness of its material and masterly execution. Its saloon and external façade are deservedly celebrated for architectural beauty.

The saloon in the *Palazzo Serra* is allowed to be one of the most magnificent rooms in Europe, and people go to see the furniture in the *Durazzo Palace*.

For internal splendour, the churches of Genoa yield to none in Italy—except St. Peter's at Rome: the *Annunziata* is perhaps the most costly.

But it is the situation of Genoa that should confer upon it the title of "superb." The first view on passing the Lanthorn, is striking and picturesque in the extreme. With a beautiful bay in front, the city rises in amphitheatrical form, from the waters of the Mediterranean up the slope of the Apennines, presenting a rich assemblage of villas, vineyards, terraces, and marble staircases. Nor is the prospect from the heights behind the town unworthy the excessive toil of ascending: from thence the bay appears to the greatest advantage, and Corsica is seen dimly in the distance.

Altogether Genoa is a charming place. There is much maritime bustle upon its quays, and the *street of palaces* is the only portion of the town where any person can walk with pleasure, whose ears take offence at the "noise of hammers closing rivets up."

The journey from Genoa towards Florence includes much coast

scenery of excessive beauty. Every hour affords an entire change of prospect, and in every change the landscape painter will find a noble subject for his pencil.

*Lucca* is a small city, with some curious old churches—and, as I hear, more honestly religious *church-goers* than are to be found in any other part of Italy. We did not see much of the town; an hour's stay gave us little time for examination, and fatigue had by this time most effectually damped our ardour for novelty.

*Massa* is pleasantly situated, neat and well-built, but contains little to arrest the traveller's progress. \* \* \* \* "Ecco la bella Firenze!" exclaimed one of my companions, on the fifth day after our quitting Genoa. With all the satisfaction of a long absent sailor, when he sees the wished-for port "a-head," we gazed upon the domes and turrets of Florence, distant about a mile onward, and in due time entered the city by the *Prato* gate.

#### FLORENCE.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
To laughing life, with her redundant horn."

"Here we are at last!" was the simultaneous cry, as we drove along the *Prato* and *Borgo Ognissante*.

"Bless me!—what strange architecture! rather heavy, but imposing and picturesque. See, how some of the houses overhang the street, which, by the way, is entirely paved with flags: one would suppose it dangerous for the horses, yet the postillion fearlessly drives at a brisk trot. Mercy on us! what a narrow, gloomy-looking street! and see, —a majestic building (seemingly some nobleman's palace) is cramped up in its centre. There's a beautiful woman!—another—another. Gad, what an eye!"

"Those girls with black beaver hats and ostrich feathers," said our Italian companion, "are from the country; and the dress which you observe, is a kind of livery, worn by those women alone, who dwell without the city walls. The large ear-rings, necklaces, &c. with which they decorate themselves, are all of the *best* materials, and purchased as a *duty* commanded by custom."

"They seem to reverse the order of things here," said I, "putting their mansions in the narrow streets, and their prisons in the open



squares. Is not that huge rough hewn edifice (with iron bars to the windows) a prison?"

"No, sir,—a palace: and you will see the same style of architecture repeated in all the principal buildings of the same class."

These and the like remarks are very probably such as most English visitors make on entering Florence; nor can I say that the first impressions were either answerable to my expectations, or prophetic of what a better acquaintance with the city proved to be the case.

Let the visitor, therefore, reserve judgment, and make himself comfortable in his inn the remainder of the first day. Let him eat a good dinner, skim over the Florence Guide, and go to rest early, taking especial care that he draw closely the gauze curtains of his bed; lest on the following morning he find by innumerable lumps, bumps, and concomitant irritations, that he has been during the night, food—for moschetos.

My preconceived notions of Florence proved incorrect. I had pictured it in imagination as being more of a "*rus in urbe*," with love and luxury characterizing its very streets. I found, on the contrary, a kind of frowning severity in its aspect, more akin to philosophy and meditation than to gaiety and wantonness, while the *palazzi* for the most part suggested, by the gloomy appearance of their exteriors, the idea of tragedy acting within.

The bustle however of trade and fashion soon put to flight all such notions, and my philosophy shrunk abashed, fearful of encountering the black liquid eyes of the Florentine girls, whose glances are to be guarded against as a "*coup de soleil*."

But the first thing sought by travellers on arriving at Florence is the famous *Gallery*. The eye long accustomed to regard any object, however mean, parts from it with regret; and where the ear has been much habituated to the report of anything in particular, we meet it for the first time with emotion. Like the feeling attendant on a rupture of long-continued habit, the gratification of long-excited expectation has its qualms, and as I approached the gallery I proved it so.

"At length," said I, "I shall see the *Venus de Medici*!"

Much was depending on the issue. Willing in such cases to prove the veracity of what we have heard, we yet consider the world's propensity to exaggerate; and, though desirous of being enabled to think like other people, we are loth to belie our real opinion merely to avoid singularity. The draught has been long preparing, and we wish to drink it off without making a face, but we do not like bitters—however orthodox they may be.

Drawings, engravings, casts, and descriptions of the Venus had been before me a thousand times :—

“ Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows give so much of joy ! ”

Agitated with suspense I mounted the gallery staircase : and, engrossed by the leading object, nearly overlooked the beautiful little marble Boy on the landing. The bronze figures of Mars and Silenus were too prominent both in situation and excellence to escape observation. A Wild Boar and statue of Augustus next demanded notice ; and then, turning up the long corridor, I was conducted to the presence chamber, where the Queen of Beauty holds her court.

The door being opened, with an instinctive motion I took off my hat—

“ The statue that enchants the world ”

was before me !

Previously ignorant of the celebrity awarded to this piece of sculpture, an ordinary observer might at first overlook its excellence, and give more attention to the Laocoon and the Wrestlers ; but, having previously heard of its matchless symmetry, he minutely examines, and finds (O rare occurrence !) that description has been inadequate, and imitation deficient. Has life been ever cased in a form so bewitching ? The face might have been prettier—the hands are indifferently restored—as for the rest, 'twere impious to blame, as it would be vain to attempt doing justice to its perfection !

The Venus occupies the centre of an octagonal apartment, which may be truly regarded as a rich casket of the choicest gems. Around the room are ranged the celebrated statues of the young Apollo, the dancing Faun, the Wrestlers, and listening Slave. The walls of the apartment exhibit the Venuses of Titian with exquisite testimonials to the justice of that renown which throws such a halo round the names of Raphael, Guido, Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto, Annibal Caracci, Vandyke, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, and others. This gallery contains the famous group of Niobe and her youngest child. In the cabinet of painters we observe with no small share of pride the portrait of our own Sir Joshua.

After the public gallery, it is ordained by custom and good taste that you visit the *Pitti palace*.

The interior bespeaks it the residence of royalty, but the outside would lead us to expect fetters, felons, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Newgate has ever struck me as exhibiting in its outward design the

very *beau ideal* of a prison; it has scarcely a more gloomy aspect than the *Palazzo Pitti*.

The *Duomo* is an imposing edifice. Its magnitude, no less than the costliness of its workmanship and material, strikes forcibly at first.

The Roman and Gothic styles are here amalgamated, and the combination is judicious, though, as a precedent, to be received with caution, and admired rather than imitated. The ornament is too partially distributed, and though the cupola be bold and elegant, the general design is gloomy and ponderous. Its appearance altogether suggests the idea of a huge ivory inlaid cabinet or tea-caddy, for it is cased with different coloured marbles—chiefly black and white, formally disposed in parallelograms.

The western front exhibits a huge surface of flat plaster-work, the painting with which it was once decorated being entirely washed away! But this is the fashion in Florence. Hardly a church is finished; and while an interior is gorgeously enriched with marble columns and incrustations, the principal front would disgrace any barn in Europe. The churches of *S. Croce*, *S. Spirito*, *S. Lorenzo*, *S. Maria del Carmine*, with many more at Florence and elsewhere, are in the like manner deficient; and truly if they cannot put up better things than we see at *S. Maria Novella*, let them do nothing. We had better say *how grand it might have been*, than *how bad it is*.

But how shall we speak of the *Campanile tower*, which stands by the *Duomo*, like the *Venus de Medici* in company with the *Hercules Farnese*?

Immortalized be the name of Giotto, who designed it, and blessed the memory of Taddeo Gaddi, who put in execution this superb project of his master. Like the cathedral, it is faced with various marbles, but, unlike the cathedral, elegance and delicacy are its characteristics.

In the *Piazza del Gran Duca* the eye is saluted with a rich assemblage of the grotesque and beautiful—sculptures, marble, and bronze. The *Palazzo Vecchio*, with its clumsy front and unmeaning tower, is truly a specimen of the grotesque—the *Loggia dell'Orgagna* illustrates the beautiful. The *Perseus* of Cellini is, I am told, both fine and faulty. Bologna's group of the Sabine rape, and his statue of Cosmo the First, are to be praised without limitation.

In the Anatomical Museum we see the perfection of waxwork, as displayed in exhibiting the intricate machinery of the human body, with other mysterious matters which will gratify the curiosity of some people and shock the delicacy of others.

The interior of the Medici chapel is cased with every species of the

most beautiful marble, highly polished. As a work of labour it is extraordinary, and only to be appreciated by minute examination.

And now, a word or two upon the subject of that celebrated river thus alluded to by Addison:—

“Where aged Arno’s silver waters roll.”

Poets have unquestionably a license to mix up with their matter a certain quantum of hyperbole and imaginative colouring; but when, in lifting up the cloak of disguise, we find it has concealed nothing, and that description separated from poetical adjunct, possesses hardly an agreeable fact to recommend it, it is high time to show our respect for common sense by exclaiming against such unwarrantable extravagance. Poetry is not a body-colour, hiding what it covers, but a transparent veil formed by the dainty films of fancy, and lending its various tints to the object over which it is thrown. What is unworthy, it should render indistinct, and magnify what is good, but even the verse of Addison can never clarify the *Arno*.

“ . . . . . aged Arno’s silver waters roll.”

This will never do: “aged” it may be, “roll” it does occasionally after a heavy torrent of rain, and when the mountain snows descend; but when it rolls it is never “silvery,” and when it does *not* roll there is absolutely not water enough to float a wherry!

They have dammed it up at the western point of the city, by which means a very tolerable show of water is continually preserved between the two principal bridges; and so far it is all very well, without meriting Mr. Addison’s encomium.

The quays of Florence are handsome, affording a delightful walk on either side of the river, which is crossed by four bridges. *Ponte alla Carraja*, simple and bold; *Ponte Vecchio*, nearly covered with houses; and *Ponte alle Grazie*, with a house on each pier. But the most beautiful is the *Ponte Trinita* with its three elliptical arches. The view from *Ponte Vecchio* looking east, was much admired by Claude. The prospect from *Ponte Trinita* towards the west is hardly inferior.

The views from and of the city, the walks round the walls, along the banks of the Arno, or in the beautiful meadows and vistas of the *Cas-cine*, the clearness of the sky, and the loveliness of the women, are so many causes inducing a visitor to lengthen his sojourn—if not to take up a permanent residence. For my part I left Florence with regret; it was like quitting an amiable and lively girl, just at the moment of growing familiarity.

The *Venus de Medici* was the last object of my leave-taking. I walked round her a dozen times; and fixing my eyes upon her, retired backward through the door-way into the long gallery, whence I gazed upon her for some minutes—she looked more beautiful than ever!

While thinking how I should manage to get away, a corpulent Englishman suddenly intercepted my view—I took advantage of his opacity, and hurried off.

\* \* \* \*

The sun looked brightly upon us during the early part of our southern route; but we entered *Sienna* under a heavy shower, so that the climate (as well as the ladies) of Italy proves occasionally fickle.

*Sienna* is said to occupy the crater of an extinct volcano. In 1797 it was severely agitated by an earthquake, which damaged the *Palazzo Pubblico*, and drove away the Pope. The city has little to recommend it on the score of external loveliness; but the neighbourhood is pleasing, the air bracing, and (O, important recommendation!) moschetos there are none.

We had time only to visit the cathedral. It exhibits a face of black and white marble both within and without. The front is overcharged with ornament—its style, mongrel. The most remarkable feature in the building is the pavement, which Forsyth speaks of as “the work of a succession of artists from Duccio to Meccarino, who have produced the effect of the richest mosaic by inserting gray marble into white, and hatching both with black mastic.” This “engraved inlay” illustrates several Scriptural incidents, among which ‘Abraham’s intended sacrifice’ is represented with prodigious force. The Chigi chapel is resplendent with precious stones and glittering metals; and in the library opposite we see a mutilated group of naked Graces—an appendage not so unfitting a monkish sanctuary as the superficial observer might imagine.

But for the respect due to Mrs. Starke as a traveller, and the courtesy due to her as a lady, I should have seriously to quarrel with that critical lenity which has passed over the thousand-and-one faults of the edifice in question, and suffered it to be described in her guide-book as “a masterpiece of Gothic architecture.” But we may be too hasty in condemning what, after all, is *not* wrong, supposing the fair authoress wrote with that critical precision, which induces some true lovers of the *beautiful* in architecture to reject the term ‘Gothic’ when they would speak of a York Minster, and to apply it only to such buildings as the cathedral of Siena. Regarding it as signifying a rude or tasteless character of design, as applicable to an edifice in which there is

an offensive mixture of colours, a clumsy medley of styles, and a barbarous load of ornament, we may accede to the accurate propriety of the lady's criticism, in alluding to this church as "a masterpiece of Gothic architecture." It is certainly neither Grecian, Roman, Norman, nor Pointed; it *may* therefore be Gothic, unless, indeed, it should claim a more appropriate designation in the word 'Lombard'.

From Siena we proceeded to *Buonconvento*, a miserable but prettily situated town, noted as the scene of the Emperor Henry the Seventh's assassination. He was poisoned by a monk, who administered the draught in the sacramental chalice!

Sleeping at *San Quirico*, we ascended the bleak mountain of *Radiconfani*, whose dreary summit is crowned with a ruined fort, rising from a conoidal base of huge volcanic stones, and once regarded as an impregnable station on the Tuscan frontier. The aspect of the mountain top from the southern side is such as Salvator might well have chosen for the scene of his darkest imagining!

An approach of unusual grandeur brought us to *Acquapendente*, a dirty and desolate town, with inhabitants looking as wretchedly as *mal-aria* could render them. From the comparatively charming village of *San Lorenzo*, loftily and healthily situated, we had a fine view of *Bolsena's* noble lake, whose waters lave the site and moldering remnants of the ancient *Volsinium*. The islands on the lake *might* have floated in Pliny's time—they are now steady as the Eddystone. The country hereabouts is interesting and picturesque. The antiquarian may indulge among the numerous fragments of architectural antiquity, while the naturalist revels amid volcanic productions and basaltine columns, and the painter fills his sketch-book with forest scenery.

A long and steep ascent leads from Bolsena to *Montefiascone*, which commands a fine view of the lake, and yields the wearied traveller a draught of excellent wine. *Viterbo*, the next town, looks proudly in the distance. Its numerous turrets and handsome fountains afford it some claims to notice, and its general character is superior to that of any other town we observed between Siena and Rome. *Ronciglione* looks the exemplification of devastation;—its hovels are inhabited, its halls desolate!

The offensive exhalations of a sulphurated lake announced our vicinity to the village of *Monterosi*, where we found an English footman initiating his master's Neapolitan courier into the science of boxing.

*Baccano* forms, as it were, the portal to the *campagna*. From hence, at a distance of eighteen miles, the eager traveller first meets with a faint glimpse of Rome, and contemplates, with feelings of no ordinary

emotion, the indistinct outline of St. Peter's dome! We travelled onward till anticipation became painful. At length a turn in the road developed at once the eastern portion of Rome; and as we descended towards the Tiber, the grand papal cupola stood revealed before us. The scene of Constantine's vision and victorious contest with Maxentius was realized as we crossed the *Ponte Molle*; and, traversing with hasty speed the *Flaminian-way*, we entered the *Porta del Popolo*, scarcely crediting the fact, that we were really and truly among the occupants of THE ETERNAL CITY!

#### ROME.

ROME!—The associations connected with this august title are such, that no one susceptible of their impression can enter the modern portion of the Italian metropolis without some feeling of dissatisfaction. Common reflection ought, perhaps, to induce the conviction, that a lapse of centuries and total change of circumstances must necessarily occasion an entire alteration of external appearance. It is, nevertheless, disappointing to find a place so ennobled by title, resembling others of less or little note—to meet with hooded monks instead of robed senators—houses, streets and shops very much à la *Parisienne*—men and women of ordinary appearance, habits and capacities—and (Oh, worse than all!) in lieu of Latin proclamations, printed bills announcing the superiority of Turner's blacking, or the Italian publication of Cobbett's pamphlet in favour of Catholic emancipation.

The *Piazza del Popolo* forms a noble vestibule to the modern city, which is intersected by the *Corso*, a handsome street of great length, but confined width. Here you have good shops and some bustle, but pass into the branch streets and you look around for a companion. The *Corso* runs in a direct line from north to south, having the great body of the modern city on the west, embraced by the Tiber, which separates it from the castle of St. Angelo, the church of St. Peter, and Gianiculum Mount. On the east of the *Corso* lies the lesser but more respectable portion of the town, with the Pincion, Quirinal, and Viminal hills. The Capitoline and Tarpeian rock complete the southern portion of the peopled town, beyond which lie the Esquiline, Palatine, Aventine and Celian Mounts, with the Coliseum surrounded by its venerable partners of antiquity.

Far beyond the inhabited boundary extend the irregular walls of the ancient city, pierced by sixteen gates, and including, together with many an isolated ruin, church and residence, a large space of cultivated ground, nurseries and pleasure gardens. The golden palace of the



Cæsars rises amid salad and chickweed ; the baths of Caracalla supervise an extensive crop of cabbages ; the temple of Minerva Medica is changed into a tool-house, and (as a matchless instance of the "base uses to which we may return,") the FORUM ROMANUM is appropriated to the service of a cattle-yard ! The Pagan and the Papal Rome assimilate only in name.

From the summit of the Gianiculum, behind the Farnese Palace, the city looks most proudly, and the sunset prospect from the Pincion reconciles us to the productions of our painter, Martin. Viewed from any lofty summit Rome cannot fail to impose, were it only from the number of her cupolas. The Apennines in the eastern distance form a noble back-ground.

As a residence, Rome is sufficiently objectionable—gloomy, dirty, close, and, for the most part, unwholesome. A few distinct portions of the city are pointed out as *not* unwholesome ; but the Vatican (with almost every other place within the walls where a man might particularly wish to reside) is among the unblest ; and His Holiness, during the summer months, puts on his nightcap in the Quirinal Palace.

The society of Rome is said to be good, and the amusements numerous. I know nothing of either, and console myself under the ignorance of those matters by turning over a portfolio, which had never been filled by an attendance on conversazioni and music-meetings. I once saw a puppet-show at the Argentino theatre, where a company of wooden dolls proved themselves no *sticks*, but on the contrary, genuine *ligna vitæ*.

#### ARCHITECTURE OF MODERN ROME.—ST. PETER'S.

At the best of times the Roman architects proved themselves incapable of appreciating the virtue of *simplicity* in design. However imposing may have been the *general* effect of their *Fora* and congregated buildings, few of their *single* edifices could bear a minute comparative examination with the chaste and studied temples of the Athenian Acropolis. Neither have they redeemed themselves in modern times. Magnitude and multiplicity distinguish their principal existing edifices, where the picturesque is studied at the entire expense of purity. Some of their palaces contain noble and richly decorated apartments ; but we meet with few exteriors which are not either insipid or tasteless. The defects observable in many Italian buildings may be attributed to the employment of painters instead of *mere* architects. Bold as may be the remark, it *shall* "out":—Michael Angelo was, after all, but an amateur architect ; and however capable he might have been of forming

noble conceptions of *general grandeur* in the art, he has by no means distinguished himself as a proficient in matters of detail. That his genius may have been too exalted to allow of much attention to the minutiae of a design is a question not involved in the present argument. He who undertakes a study should be above no part of it. Michael Angelo was imbued with *imaginings* beyond the aid of art; but, though his *name* could not have been made more immortal by the assistance of inferior talent, his architectural *works* might certainly have been rendered more estimable, as models, by a few omissions, chastenings and simplifications, under the guidance of a tamer mind and more modest taste.

"The way to St. Peter's" is, of course, the first question which a visitor prefers after emancipation from the Custom-house and the engagement of lodgings. Threading a long line of gloomy streets, you pass, between a double file of angels, over the bridge of St. Angelo, with the imposing castle of the same name in front; and, turning up a narrow unpromising lane, you are in a few minutes confronted by the gigantic object of your search—not that it *looks* so, by the bye—for everything about it is proportionably large, and the eye measures it by a reference to such *secondary* buildings as would make the loftiest house in St. Paul's Churchyard look small indeed.

The first sight of St. Peter's is disappointing; for you cannot estimate the beauty of Bernini's colonnades till you are within the circle they command. The church is, then, a mere portion of an imposing whole; and criticism, for a while, mutely contemplates the *forests* of Doric columns which sweep around on either hand, the lofty Egyptian Obelisk in the centre, and the two magnificent fountains of Carlo Maderno.

But, on regarding individually the front of the church, we have only to lament the misuse of a glorious opportunity, and almost wish that Carlo (aforesaid) had been drowned in his fountains ere he designed the façade in question. It is "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The minor domes near the front, and the cupola over the centre of the building are lost, either entirely, or in effect. Here is no particular feature to arrest admiration—no projecting portico to throw its dark shadow over the portals in recess—nothing *aspiring*, i. e. church-like, to act as a fitting prologue to the scene of grandeur which the interior is to afford.

The vestibule is passed—the nave, simple yet august, costly yet chaste, breaks upon the eye, and makes us whisper, in almost breathless admiration, "beautiful exceedingly!" Costly material, carving, gilding, mosaics, painting and sculpture, are here combined into one gorgeous but airy whole. The concave of the cupola is supreme on

earth! This is Michael Angelo's; and had he done nothing *but* this, his fame as an architect had been the greater.

In speaking of St. Peter's dome, the *interior* only has been yet alluded to. It is nobler than the Pantheon in its elevation; it is far beyond St. Paul's dome in size and decoration, but its "extern" is inelegant, though imposing from its magnitude, and in some measure picturesque from its very defects. The tambour of the cupola is decorated with Corinthian columns, coupled at intervals, and supporting a series of projecting breaks in the entablature. The cupola itself is sorely disfigured by three rows of dormer windows; and the crowning lantern is objectionable in form. Its whole exterior is inferior in elegance to the dome of St. G  n  vi  ve (at Paris), and in majesty, to that of L'H  tel des Invalides: in *both* it is far inferior to the crowning feature of St. Paul's, which may, indeed, hold out a confident challenge to any piece of modern architecture in the world. To return to the interior of St. Peter's.

Habituated to associate the *pointed* architecture with purposes ecclesiastical, the grandeur of St. Peter's scarcely amounts to sublimity; and, though the mixture of its various marbles and mosaics does not produce a gaudy effect, still there is a want of that impressive character which distinguishes the perspective of many other less sumptuous interiors. (It will be seen what, in a future page, I shall have to say of the cathedral at Milan.) The great bronze canopy over the tomb of the patron saint is a splendid piece of bad taste. It looks like a huge four-post bedstead; so that, in the hope of a peep at St. Peter's body, we should rather feel impelled to look *in* than *under*. Our anger at the sight of this toy is the more justified when we remember that it was made (together with several of the Castle guns!) with the metal, bas-reliefs and ornaments that were taken from the portico of the Pantheon. It was perhaps fit, that the evil genius which robbed that sumptuous building of its decorations, should dispose of the stolen goods in a manner the most disadvantageous.

The vaulting of St. Peter's is worthy of note, and the trouble of ascending the internal galleries of the cupola will be amply repaid. "Is there an echo here," said I, "as in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's?" — "*whispering gallery of St. Paul's*," answered Echo.

The gallery of the Vatican, handsome in itself, is rich in the possession of art's finest specimens. The frescoes of Raphael, the sculpture of the Grecians and Canova, architectural remnants without number, with much that is beautiful, and much that is curious only, are here collected for the use of the studious and the amusement of the idle.

Then there is the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo's greatness sits, as it were, enthroned in such severity, that I think with dread on the little exceptions lately taken to his architectural works, and crouch in humble reverence before his mighty JUDGMENT.

The idea of presentation at the court of Apollo flattered me not less than my introduction to the Queen of Love at Florence. My conductor first led me into the room containing the Perseus of Canova, and Creugas in open posture to receive the blow of his antagonist. These statues are placed together, as if to show the Venetian sculptor's equal power in the *delicate* and the *athletic*: and, certainly, the Perseus is sufficiently elegant for one of mere human mould. The Perseus, however is, at least, a lofty step towards the divine excellence of the Apollo, who has a chamber to himself hard by. Some young artists were wrangling as to the relative merits of the God and Medicean Venus. One declared the Apollo the more perfect figure; another preferred the *torso* of the Lady; a third gilded with encomium the head of the Gentleman. Unable to gather from opinion's contest any substantial conclusion, I determined on having an independent opinion of my own. As that opinion, however, is not yet formed, my reader must await in patience.

The Laocoon, a Mercury, a sleeping Ariadne and sitting Jupiter, are among the many things which require no tablet as an assistance to memory.

Among the vases, candelabra, altars, pedestals, and other specimens and fragments, the architectural student may find ample and beneficial employment. It is not for *him*, after the publication of *Stuart's Athens*, to risk his neck in measuring, for the thousandth time, a Roman ruin. Let him rather seek the *furniture* than the great leading *principles* of architecture. He will find among the in-door collections of modern Rome much more than can be gathered in the chilly corridors of the Coliseum, or the well gleaned surface of the Roman forum.

After the Vatican, we visit the museum on the Capitoline hill. Here, among a collection generally excellent, may be exclusively mentioned the 'Red Faun', the 'Dying Gladiator', 'Cupid and Psyche', 'Antinous', with statues of 'Flora', 'Venus', 'Juno', and an Amazon of extraordinary beauty. Here, too, are busts of all the Roman emperors and ancient philosophers. Julius Cæsar seems to have been an ordinary-looking gentleman, while the ugliness of Socrates appears to have been commensurate with his wisdom.

Of the numerous churches in the Roman capital, several would claim a lengthy notice, were they set apart from the halo of St. Peter's. The

façade of *S. Giovanni in Laterano*, however, exceeds the front of the former, separately considered, and may be justly regarded as the finest piece of external architecture in the modern city. The church of *Santa Maria Maggiore* exhibits a costly though tasteless exterior; but we feel interested in regarding the antique columns supporting its nave, and are dazzled out of criticism by the general splendour of the interior. The altar-piece in Jesus Church is accounted "the most gorgeous in Rome." The church of St. Agnes in the *Piazza Navona* is also worthy of mention, and looks (with its dome and two campanile turrets) like a hasty memorandum of our St. Paul's.

Among the Roman palaces, the *Colonna* will charm the mere architectural observer, by the splendour of its saloon. Of the several magnificent Collections of Paintings, that in the *Doria* palace is superior in numbers, and not inferior in general excellence. The 'Ecce Homo' of Guercino, in the palace of the Corsini, lingers in my memory like a dream.

Choice Claudes may be seen in several galleries; but the finest landscape is to be viewed from the Pincion Hill at the time of sunset, when the city, with its numerous domes, receives the poetic colouring of the hour; and the cupola of St. Peter's, rising in strong relief against the western horizon, shows like the richest purple on a golden ground.

(To be continued.)

## DOGMAS ON ART.—No. V.

### CRITICISM ON FINE ART.

THERE is no department of criticism which is so imperfectly filled as that of the Fine Arts, and there never was a time perhaps when it was at a lower ebb than at the present, speaking, of course, comparatively with the progress of art. The number of critics has not increased in proportion to the number of artists, nor do they in ability bear anything like an adequate proportion to the rising talent and genius in the world of art.

Criticism indeed is a young art, considered with reference to its application to Painting and Sculpture; and it is an art that is likely to remain in its infancy, unless a giant should arise to show the puny race who exercise the critical faculty on pictures the smallness of their stature, especially when compared with the presumptuous altitude of

their pretensions. The necessity that existed, on the commencement of the system of periodical criticism, for the discussion of all questions that come under the cognizance of the Reviewers, created, as other and greater occasions do, great names in its several departments; but while classical and general literature, philosophy and science, poetry, the drama, and works of fiction, each found writers capable of appreciating the labours of those who cultivated these several branches of knowledge, painting and sculpture, and even architecture, except in an antiquarian view of the subject, were incompetently discussed. That there were exceptions to this remark only proves its general correctness; and indeed the assertion is so universally admitted to be a fact, that there needs no argument to prove it—the evidence has been painfully forcible. The cause of this lamentable deficiency—for lamentable it has been, not only in itself, but in its consequences—is the necessity for the critic of works of Fine Art, to unite the possession of the knowledge of, as well as the taste for, both literature and art; and further, that however incompetent a mere author may be to criticise works of art, a mere artist is almost more so. As this is a broad and startling assertion, it may be expected that we should urge some argument in proof of its truth.

It will not require much reasoning to prove that a writer, merely as such, is unqualified to criticise works of art; nor will even the possession of taste and feeling for art on the part of the writer be considered by the greater number of artists as a sufficient qualification. In this we differ with them; not that we think a person of liberal education, literary habits, and possessed of taste and feeling for works of art, so fully competent to criticise them as he might and ought to be, but that such a person, if, in addition to these qualifications, he add a practical acquaintance with the means, resources, and technicalities of the art, is qualified just in proportion to the purity and correctness of his taste, and the extent of his knowledge of pictures and sculpture, which has been the ground on which his taste has been formed. For we hold that the critical qualifications of the critic of Fine Art consist in his enlightened taste and matured judgment, which cannot exist without an educated eye; the trick or practice of the hand is only essential to a due understanding of the material employed, the means used, the labour and care requisite, and also the extent to which the art of painting may be carried. This last point is an essential consideration, and one which ought to be borne in mind by every critic; for the arbiter who should take upon himself to pronounce upon the skill of the artist without a due appreciation of the capabilities of the

art, and the limits of its powers, would be as unjust to the artist as one entirely ignorant of its principles would be incompetent.

The critic who has not practised, or who has no other than a theoretical acquaintance with the art, by means of its productions, is not in a situation to judge of the value of an artist's labours in regard to their amount, except by an estimation, comparative or otherwise, of their effects; and although this is undoubtedly sufficient for the purpose of pronouncing on the merits of the picture, in reference to the end and aim of the artist, and considered as a piece of invention or a composition, addressed to the eye and the mind of the unprofessional spectator, still it is not sufficient to satisfy the artist. Now, to pass an opinion on a picture that shall satisfy those who look upon it to derive the gratification which it is capable of affording them as a piece of imitative art, and who admire in proportion to its effect upon the eye, the mind, or the feelings only, without inquiring further, is certainly sufficient as far as the spectator is concerned; and if this was the sole object and intention of criticism, a person so qualified would be fully competent. But this is only a portion of what criticism ought to effect: it is not merely to inform the visitor of an exhibition of the best and most interesting pictures, nor to praise or blame the artist for the effect of his picture on the sense: no, it is to point out to him wherein he is deficient, and in what respect he has succeeded; and also in what way such and such objections might have been obviated; and it is necessary, also, that the critic should inspire the artist with confidence in his judgment, by showing that he is really acquainted not only with what art has done, but with what it is capable of; not only with what the painter has omitted, or introduced superfluously, but how such omission or superfluity should have been remedied. It is his business not merely to describe the effects of the picture, but to show in what consists their merit or demerit, to know to what is resolvable the agreeable or disagreeable impression it makes upon him. The enlightened and liberal critic places himself before a picture to receive in his mind the result of the impression conveyed to the brain through the eye; he analyses the beauties and defects; separates the technical from the moral excellencies, assigns the credit due to each, and estimates the value of the work, by bringing all these several points into a focus. In making his remarks upon a picture so viewed, it will be evident to the artist and those cognizant of the subject, that the writer of the criticism knew the ground on which he was venturing, by the way in which he treats the subject; and in proportion to the extent and correctness of his knowledge will be the justness of his conclusions, and



the faith of the artist in the truth of them. Opinions in matters of taste are various, and scarcely reconcilable to a common standard; but the painter will see where the opinion is one of individual choice or preference, and where it is founded on an acknowledged or recognised principle of taste. The verdict of such a censor will be respected by the artist, and he will defer to a judgment so pronounced; and the value of the precepts conveyed to the artist will be in addition to the new light thrown on the picture to the eyes of the uninitiated admirer.

The little value attached by artists to contemporary criticism is justified by the incompetence of most of our periodical critics. The ridicule of the artist finds an echo even in the laugh of the reader. The consequence of this is, that the artists derive no benefit even from the small portion of obvious truth contained in the criticisms of the day; and they seek therefore to make their advantage of this ignorance on the part of the *soi-disant* critic, by making him a tool, and converting the press into an organ for the expression of the opinions of some party. The critic, secretly feeling his own incompetence, listens to the representations of any one who wields a brush or a chisel, and adds to the stock of his ignorance a compound of personal spite, or crude and narrow opinion, without the ability to dissect the truth or to separate the falsehood. We have, indeed, heard it broadly asserted, that there is scarcely a paper containing criticisms on art, but is the echo of the opinions of a knot of artists, or of some individual among them. There are no severer critics of each other's works in private, than artists themselves; though to one another they act upon the understood rule, of praising where they can with truth, but of never finding fault; or at least making only such trifling exceptions as may serve to lure the listener into a belief of the sincerity of their praise. This rule is adopted from a sense and tacit acknowledgment of their mutual weaknesses, both of their performances and their feelings; and as, perhaps, necessary to prevent open animosities. But in secret and in private there is ill-blood enough, and each seems to envy the success of the other, and to think that the reputation of one is raised on the ruins of that of another. This is human nature: and if from this littleness of mind even Titian was not exempt, need we wonder that less exalted artists should share this feeling of envy—this morbid horror of rivalry? Sir Thomas Lawrence liked to see bad portraits beside his own; they acted as foils. This principle of "non-intervention" of opinion is also provided for by a law of the Royal Academy, which not only prohibits any disparagement of the works of a living artist, which would be no more than just, but provides that no unfavourable

opinions should be expressed, leaving the other side—that of compliment and praise—open. Thus they “lay the flattering unction to their souls” in public, and secretly drop the bitter venom of malice distilled by the withering influence of jealousy and fear of rivalry.—But we digress. There is a class of critics of art, who, sensible of their incompetence, are at the same time too honest and independent to admit of dictation to them, or to allow their opinions to be the echo of another’s, much less to suffer them to be the vehicle of private pique or professional jealousy: these conscientious critics, therefore, are not only impressed with a sense of their own imperfections, but are thus influenced to look with an ignorant wonder on the achievements of the brush and the chisel, and hence the remarks become laudatory and complimentary; while their fear of giving offence, and their apprehension of committing an injustice, lead them to administer reproof or insinuate objections as we physic little children, by smothering the nauseous drug or potion with sweetmeats and possets. These well-intentioned critics administer sugar-plums to the prettily behaved artist-urchins; while to the refractory, or spoiled children, or the dunces, they offer treacherous slices of sugared bread-and-butter, “sweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly.” They scourge with a garland of flowers, or affectionately sigh over the faults they dare not exclaim against.

Then there is another set, who, like pet spaniels, pick up the scraps under the tables of the artists, or, like parrots, are fed with the cud that has been masticated by the master’s teeth, and repeat by rote the cant and spite that they hear uttered. They are very frequent guests at dinners, and are to be seen at all the conversaziones. Indeed they are as useful as a pair of ornamental bellows, to puff the dying embers of their employers’ popularity.

The opposite of these are a class who think criticism is a game of nine-pins, and fling their blundering heads at every object, thinking that the spirit of the game consists in knocking down all reputations standing in the way of their bias, that yield to the lumbering roll of their attacks. But these have much the worse of it, and get kicked out of the way as a stumbling block; for they have not solidity to constitute “a rock of offence.”

There are, however, though instances are few, those who to independence, honesty and boldness, unite knowledge, taste and judgment; who reject alike the influences of party or private feeling, and who are too firm to be swayed by the breath of fashion or vulgar opinion. These are they who oppose quackery and trick wherever they exist, and who,

the higher the object is raised upon false grounds, the more vigorously make their attacks upon it,—who point with discrimination to the young and rising aspirant to excellence, and uphold genius and talent, whether it needs their support or not; who have more regard for truth than favour, and seek to raise the character and serve the cause of art rather than to promote the interest of any individual artist; who to a practical acquaintance with art in its greatest works and its technicalities, unite a deep and enthusiastic feeling for it, and a knowledge of its powers and resources;—such a man was the late Mr. Hazlitt. Himself an artist by profession, the choice of his youth; and besides a profound thinker, an acute reasoner; possessed of a powerful mind enlarged by reading, observation and reflection, and embellished by taste, disciplined by education, warmed and enlightened by genius and rendered liberal by feeling. His writings on art, it has been beautifully observed, throw a light like that through a painted window; where the hues of the fancy, rich with dazzling associations and glowing recollections, reflect the pure rays of truth in blended tones of colour, that adorn with their splendour the objects they illumine.

Pictures are not painted for the artist, but to the intelligent, the intellectual, and the man of taste. They are therefore to be judged of in that point of view, as well as with reference to the subject chosen; and in both these respects a man of taste conversant with pictures is qualified to judge of them. But an artist would not look upon them in that light; he would bring all his practical experience to a consideration of their merit as regarded the technical points, the perspective, the drawing, the handling, colouring, *chiar' oscuro*, arrangement, composition, accessories, &c.; but he would be prone to consider the manner rather than the style—the execution than the sentiment—the details than the *ensemble*. Or, at least, he would view it more with reference to the means than the end; he would criticise the grouping and the anatomy rather than the expression and the manner of telling the story. Not but that he would be able to appreciate the higher qualities of the work, but he would not insist upon them if the picture were well and correctly painted. He would dwell by habit, more upon the physical than the moral properties of the work,—more upon the skill than the intellectuality displayed by the artist,—more upon the beauty of the performance than its sublimity,—on the effect upon the eye rather than that produced on the mind. He would see how much labour or facility, how much knowledge and practice, how much tact and talent went to the composition of it; while the mind to which it was addressed

would be influenced by the emotions it excited, and the eye be pleased by the completeness and harmony of the whole.

It is not required of a critic that he should be able to amend the faults he points out, or rival the beauties he admires; therefore the practical skill of the artist is only available to the purposes of criticism as it serves to enable him to point out wherein the faults and beauties consist; how the former may be amended, and how the latter were produced. It is clear, therefore, that it is not requisite that a critic should be an artist, and equally so that he ought to be acquainted with the practice of art. The minor point of ability to express in writing what the understanding dictates, we willingly concede, is easily attainable for the mere purpose of criticism; though the use of the pen has to be acquired like the use of the brush, and it requires a learning to clothe ideas and opinions in words as well as to embody them in a picture; there is a skill in expressing an opinion on paper, as well as in copying an object on canvass—in marshalling arguments and conducting an inquiry, as well as in grouping figures and forming a pleasing composition. Writing is a "gentle craft" like painting; scribbling for newspapers and sketching for albums require some little talent. Ideas must be found, or the want of them supplied by ingenuities. It requires tact and skill to dress up an old truth or a common-place in striking and even intelligible language, as well as to put a figure into costume and expression into a face. If the painter never satisfies himself—neither does the poet;—the images of beauty that rise to his fancy are never to his mind satisfactorily embodied on the canvass of the one or in the page of the other; they feel or imagine one thing, and represent or describe another. Colours are warm and glowing, but the process of laying them on is slow and painful—eloquence flows like a tide through the mind, but by the time it reaches the paper it is dull and cold to the heated brain of the writer.

The man of the most genius or talent, either as a writer or painter, will not assuredly be the first to undervalue the labours of the other. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty;" and to paint the one or write the other demands the exertion of the noblest faculties of our nature. We hope the time is gone by for painters to sneer at authors, and authors to decry painters; it ill becomes those who honourably exercise either of these professions to enter into a petty warfare of pretension. Those who are in doubt of their own claims to notice commonly insist on them the most pertinaciously. The press is of service to the cause of Art, as it is to every other good cause; and it oftener fails in its advocacy

for want of correct knowledge than from base motives. It is the fashion to abuse "the press," and the *beau-ideal* of a "gentleman of the press" is an insolent, ignorant and vulgar person, full of airs, assumptions and impertinencies, destitute alike of feeling, principle or understanding. This is the bugbear of the day; and if there be some few who approach to this character, it is only because human nature generates impurities: but it would be as just to deny the existence of health in the world because there are persons who are a mass of diseases, as to infer the quality of our literature (which is almost wholly periodical) from the excrescences that deform it. It is a vulgar prejudice, like that which assigns pride, vanity and ignorance of all else but their profession, to artists. An artist to become eminent as a painter of history must have read and reflected; he must possess a vivid fancy and a clear understanding; and to paint even a portrait well, requires perception of character and expression, as well as taste, in addition to technical skill. Both professions are honourable, if honourably pursued, and we think that each will improve by mingling with the other. Let him who undervalues an artist's ability set himself to draw the commonest object, and he will have a different opinion; and let him who holds literary talent cheap, sit down with pen and paper to prove that it is so, and his error will be fully apparent.

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AN ESSAY TOWARDS ESTABLISHING THE PRINCIPLES  
OF REAL BEAUTY.\*

IN every liberal art there is much more to be said in theory than can possibly be put into practice, because the mind or thinking faculty can always go beyond what the hand is capable of portraying. And this for the reason that one has the boundless freedom of an unembodied spirit, whilst the other is circumscribed by mechanic rules. The mind loves as it were to carry itself beyond this world, and to speculate upon perfections which nowhere exist; and the imagination is never so well pleased as when creating to itself such ideal beauties as are neither to be found in nature nor expressed by art. But yet it must not be ima-

\* The Editor begs to state that this "Essay" has been furnished by an anonymous correspondent, and takes the opportunity, perhaps unnecessarily, of asserting his right not to be concluded by any opinions or criticisms expressed in papers which he may be induced to insert, though he may not altogether coincide with them.

gined that the pursuit of such remote beauties is entirely unprofitable and useless ; for, although themselves perhaps too refined to be transferred to canvas or paper, yet do they lead to others more within the reach of art, which otherwise would never be attained to. By elevating the mind to great conceptions, it gives additional dignity to all of its productions ; and by raising a man's enthusiasm till he aims at more than can be got within his grasp, it causes him to arrive at the greatest excellence of which his genius is capable.

This then is the advantage of indulging the imagination in ideas so remote and so purely theoretical,—that by causing a man to aim at beauties perfectly ideal, he may produce the greatest beauties of which art is capable. Without this, he can never arrive at perfection ; for he who aims at little, cannot be expected to achieve much.

Aware of the extreme difficulty of the subject, I enter upon it with much diffidence ; not professing to point out decisively what it is which constitutes beauty, but only to offer such remarks upon its probably *true principles* as have occurred to me upon a rather slight consideration of the subject. I submit them not as incontestable truths, but as matter for consideration ; and if they should prove the means of causing some more able writer than myself to take up the subject, I shall feel both gratified and obliged. And whether he may come forward either in favour of my opinions or as an opponent to them, he will equally have my thanks ; for truth is of the same value whether we discover it ourselves or another man discovers it for us. Should no one favour us with his remarks, I may, perhaps, resume the subject in a future paper.

In pursuance of my present plan, I shall now proceed to divide this Essay into three sections ; in the first of which will be laid down a variety of examples of the principles to which beauty has hitherto been attributed, now proved to be false.

In the second, I shall endeavour to bring a few instances of deformity allowed to be universal ; and in the third part will be drawn together certain examples from nature of the beauty which, *all men*, whether savage or civilized, are alike agreed upon.

But before entering upon these, I will just premise, that I shall use the words *deformed* and *beautiful*, as applied to objects presented to the sight, in their most extensive sense ; considering everything to be deformed which excites disagreeable, and all things to be beautiful which produce pleasurable, sensations in the mind of a spectator. For deformity can no more cause pleasure than real beauty can excite disgust.

§ 1. In a paper (No. 82.) of the "Idler," Sir Joshua Reynolds has the following passage: "It is custom alone determines our preference of the colour of the Europeans to the Ethiopians; and they, for the same reason, prefer their own colour to ours. I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters were to paint the goddess of Beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not; for, by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea?" This is a tacit assertion that the Ethiopian ideas of beauty are as true as ours: and "custom" is openly asserted to be the principle or origin of beauty. But I think a few observations will be enough to show the fallacy of Sir Joshua's affirmations.

A comparison between European and Ethiopian taste cannot be fairly drawn, unless we place the natives of each upon an equality; and to do this we must believe that no real superiority exists, as respects taste and judgment, in highly civilized men over the most barbarous savages; which would be such an absurdity as no man could swallow. Were that allowed, we must then, as a necessary corollary, believe that the deep investigations of science, and the profound researches of philosophy have not advanced us one step, and are in themselves no nearer truth than the idlest fancies and most superficial opinions of men in the lowest state of nature. In short, we must believe that learning is not power, nor civilization any improvement. But it would be a waste of time to say any more upon this point: when a comparison has been proved to have been ill-drawn, it would be useless to go further and refute the results of that comparison. And just as absurd as if a man should find a spring-head muddy, and then go down to see whether the running water were muddy also.

Neither does the other part of Sir Joshua's sentence appear much nearer the truth; for I think it can be shown that it is not custom alone which determines the European's preference of colour. Perhaps the taste of the Ethiopian may be determined by custom alone; and this, because he is not capable of investigating causes, so as to be able to form either his taste or judgment by any other rules than those of custom, handed down by his forefathers from many ages back, and instilled into his mind at such an early period, that they become as sacred to him as the duties of his religion.

But the preference which the civilized European gives to his own colour is confirmed by, if it does not absolutely arise from, a principle very different to that of habit or custom. It is because he naturally associates the ideas of purity and innocence with light and delicate



colours; an association which cannot possibly be excited by black, or colours bordering upon blackness.

And as ideas of purity and innocence, when associated with any object, naturally render that object more pleasing or beautiful, the European hence concludes those colours which excite such ideas in the greatest perfection, to be more beautiful than any other\*.

And indeed I have little doubt but that the blackest nations under the sun, were they capable of clearly defining their ideas, would agree with Europeans in the conclusion that light and delicate colours are intrinsically more agreeable and beautiful than those of a darker hue. If this were found to be true with respect to colours themselves, remove their prejudices, and their ideas would be the same as to the colour of man. I may just add another short reason why the colour of the European is really preferable to that of the Ethiopian, which is, that as man in his perfection is the most beautiful being in creation, and the one nearest approaching his Creator, so no colours can agree better with his true nature than those of a light and delicate description. Thus I think it has been sufficiently well shown that "custom" is not a principle or cause of true beauty. What arises from the manners and customs of particular nations, can at best be but adventitious and local; and what is local cannot form an universal rule or principle: and since the principles of true beauty must be acknowledged as such by *all* men, therefore local "custom" cannot be a principle of real beauty.

Fitness in an object to the purpose for which it is designed, has been mentioned as another cause of beauty. Thus a racehorse is said to be beautiful when of shape and proportions adapted for running; and upon the same principle we must admire a ball more when it fits a socket than when it does not.

Now that this kind of fitness for a certain purpose is not always productive of beauty, may be rendered evident by a variety of examples. A pig is very well adapted for wallowing in filth and mire, but no one from thence imagines him more beautiful than he otherwise would be. Perhaps I may be answered that there is nothing beautiful about this, because the ideas both of a pig and of mire are disgusting. True; but still if *fitness* itself were any cause of beauty, why should it not produce ideas of beauty in one situation as well as in another? Again, objects beautiful in themselves without this fitness, we find to lose their beauty when possessed of it.

\* Yet Waddington, certainly an intelligent traveller, has pronounced *black* to be the finest colour for the human species.—EDIT.

Trees, for instance, in a state of nature and without any set form or object, are much more pleasing than when applied to a certain purpose, and by the gardener's shears made fit to represent pyramids, animals and obelisks. And this leads me to observe, that *in nature*, what is unnatural displeases; and in art what is inartificial is productive of pleasure. And further, that the cutting of trees into regular shapes,—but particularly such as we are accustomed to behold either alive or in stone, is unpleasing, not so much because of its real unnaturalness, as from the circumstance of that unnaturalness being presented to the external senses before the imagination.

To prove this, we may find numerous instances in which compositions equally unnatural are yet very agreeable and pleasing. The Metamorphoses of Ovid, the Arabian and Persian Tales, contain many things equally removed from nature. But all the difference lies in one being presented to the eye by a real figure, and the others to the imagination by description. This may be illustrated by a remark of Aristotle as I find him quoted in Pope's Homer, where he justly observes, that though Achilles' pursuit of Hector round the walls of Troy is very fine in description, yet were this whole scene to be acted by real figures upon a stage, the audience would laugh at it as a great piece of absurdity.

When in an Eastern tale we read of magicians and sorceresses, who by their power of enchantment have turned men into animals, stones, and trees, we are delighted with the description; but were these living shrubs presented to our eyes as they are described, we should be excited to laughter. And the reason of this difference is, that in one case the imagination is touched first, and adds circumstances and beauties of its own creation, before reason and sense can dwell upon the subject; while in the other, reason and the senses are *first* appealed to, and therefore they take precedence of the imagination, and, examining the truth of what is before them, perceive how excessively incompatible with each other are the parts of the composition, and therefore cause us to turn the whole subject into ridicule.

The above is a sufficient demonstration that fitness or propriety of application is not a true principle of beauty. It also shows the truth of my first position,—that the imagination has beauties of its own, which can never be imitated with effect by any contrivance of those arts which address themselves to the eye.

Again. It has been observed, I believe by Blair, that if a composition (or an object) possess no other quality than that of novelty, yet will it be pleasing and agreeable. This is another of the illegitimate sources of beauty. Because in the abstract, mere novelty as a single

quality not joined with any others, cannot be pleasing ; which is attempted to be shown by what follows. No one will deny that a form can be produced, either by the drawing of an artist or the description of a poet, novel to an extreme, and yet totally disgusting. Novelty therefore is no true source of beauty. But I certainly do think, notwithstanding, that when forms in themselves beautiful are combined in a new and novel manner, we are more pleased than when they are presented to us in the accustomed shape. And further, I also believe, that forms in themselves disgusting, become yet more so if combined in a new and novel manner,—but with a regard in both cases to harmony and agreement. Thus, novelty appears to be itself a neutral quality ; but active when put in conjunction with others, such as deformity and beauty, as instanced above.

Variety is also generally understood as a principle of beauty. Every one knows the common expression “ Variety is pleasing ;” or in other words, that variety is beautiful ; for what is pleasing must possess some degree of beauty. But, like novelty, variety is itself a neutral quality ; but, conjoined with other qualities, is capable of increasing either beauty or deformity, as the case may be. Thus the greater is the variety of agreeable objects in a landscape, the more pleasing it will become, providing the variety of parts is not too great to destroy or interrupt their harmony or agreement ; for in that case variety destroys more beauty in other qualities than it is capable of adding by its own. Yet let it not be forgotten, that though variety may in some cases add to the effect of beauty, it inevitably detracts from grandeur, the great concomitants of which are simplicity and a general similitude of character.

In a similar manner variety adds to the horror of deformity. A variety of unpleasing objects affects the mind more forcibly than an equal number of unpleasing objects which are all alike. And the reason why in both cases variety has this effect is, because by it we have *different degrees* of beauty or deformity presented *at once* to the mind ; and each degree causing a separate and in some measure a *different kind* of idea of beauty or deformity, we of necessity are more strongly impressed therewith than if those ideas were all alike, though of an equal number with the other.

This may be illustrated by the simile, that if a man condemned to die were to see twenty *different* engines of destruction around him, he would be filled with greater horror than if he saw twenty swords or other weapons which were all alike : though he knows that by the use of any of them death can but be the consequence.

Thus is variety shown to be no true principle of beauty. More in-

stances of such-like false principles might be added; but the foregoing are sufficient for my present purpose. Perhaps it may be expected that I should say something concerning Hogarth's analysis of this subject; but not having the work by me for reference, and it being several years since I read it, and then with but a schoolboy's attention, I cannot offer any positive observations upon it. But if he refers all beauty to the principle of undulating lines, I think he may be mistaken: for it appears to me, that beauty cannot be resolved into *any single* principle. Probably the causes of beauty, like colours, will be found various, and opposite to each other. Red and blue are perfectly dissimilar, yet both are colours: and so it may prove as to the principles of beauty.

§ 2. In this second division I shall shortly mention two or three instances in which deformity is universally allowed to exist (taking, as I before said, everything to be in some degree deformed which excites horror and disgust): and in them I shall, as a necessary consequence, suppose the *true* principles of deformity to be resident and active; because an existing effect which cannot continue after its cause is removed does always argue the presence of that cause. And those principles I shall denominate *true*, which do not rest upon any local or confined basis; whose effects are invariably the same, and felt the same by all men. We can have no better test of beauty or deformity than men's feelings and sensations; and in whatever instance it can be shown that the feelings and sensations of mankind, whether savage or civilized, are universally agreed, in that instance we are justified in saying the *true* principles of beauty or deformity do exist.

Thus, for instance, I think it will be found that all men, whether Europeans, or Ethiopians, or Tartars, or Americans, or however different may be their manners, customs, or religion, have yet but one opinion concerning a lowering heaven and a dark tempestuous sea.—They all alike are struck with horror and affright on first beholding them, and they alike designate them as dreadful and deformed.

In a similar manner there are certain sounds and scents dissonant and disgusting, and such as shock the feelings of, and convey disagreeable sensations alike to, all men. Neither will any one doubt but that there are certain loathsome animals and insects, such as sloths, enormous mis-shapen spiders, and beetles, which, although custom may have familiarized them to the inhabitants of certain countries, would yet be very disgusting at first sight to people of any part of the earth. In these, therefore, some principle of deformity must exist, or why else should a harmless insect disgust us? And this principle of deformity must be a *true* one, because it is so universal that all men acknowledge it.

#### 44 *An Essay towards establishing the Principles of real Beauty.*

To multiply these and such-like instances, would but be to extend this essay greatly in length, without adding much to it in weight :—one is as good as a hundred, since, when that one is explained, the remaining ninety-nine may easily be discovered by a little reflection in the reader.

§ 3. Having thus endeavoured to point out the fallacy of some of the existing definitions of the origin or cause of beauty, and also mentioned several cases in which deformity is universally allowed to exist, all that remains to be done, is to bring together such instances of beauty as, by being considered incontestibly such by all men, whether savage or civilized, we are justified in asserting to be founded upon, or to contain the true and real principles of, beauty. These instances, like the former, I shall not multiply: two or three will be sufficient.

There is in every object of the creation that is visible to the whole world, such as the sun, moon, &c., a certain degree of beauty or deformity, to which all men give their assent alike, independently of manners, customs, or opinions of any kind whatever. Thus there is no doubt but that all mankind have the same opinion of that great spectacle in nature which occurs at the rising and setting of the sun :—all must agree that it is very beautiful. For though the savage cannot, like the philosopher, enter into the analysis of its cause, &c., yet he is not the less affected by its beauty as a man.

In like manner are all men agreed that the form of their own species is more beautiful than that of any other animal whatever; and this because it is impossible to imagine any other form so expressive of the nature of man,—a being compounded of body and soul. If we alter his form more towards the brutal or inanimate parts of nature, we immediately make it worse, because we render it less expressive of that of which it is the representative; and if we would render his form more descriptive of that which truly makes him man—his soul—how shall this be done? Not by *altering*, but by making *more perfect* that form which he already possesses\*.

Again. All mankind are agreed that there is great beauty in colours,

\* Lest the Egyptians, who drew their gods and goddesses not of a human form, should be considered an exception to this rule, I would ask, from what evidence are we to suppose that they held their monstrous deities more beautiful than themselves? If from the fact of there being a natural disposition in man to consider his God more perfect than himself,—then I reply, that were such the case, this Egyptian taste for beauty was a perverted one, which grew up out of craft and superstition; and such as we may almost venture to assert the Egyptians themselves did not possess when in a state of perfect nature, or before craft and superstition reigned amongst them.

(for although philosophers will not allow colours to be any substance or reality, yet I must here speak of them as such, to be intelligible,)—perhaps more beauty in colours than in anything else with which we are acquainted.

And the proof of this is, that savages and the children of a civilized people, who in this sense may be looked upon as in a similar state of nature, have exactly the same taste for colours, each being best pleased with the primitive red, yellow, and blue; because their rude unformed minds receive stronger and more distinct ideas from these than from any others; being as yet incapable of distinguishing the more delicate and imperceptible beauties of less violent colours.

This line of argument need not be protracted; the three instances above being sufficient to illustrate and prove my position.

Thus I have defined that to be *true beauty* which does not rest upon the taste of particular nations or people, but which has the sanction of all mankind as to its truth. I have shown, I hope satisfactorily, that this true and real beauty does exist in some shape or other in three particulars which I have pointed out,—in what is seen at sun-rising, in the human figure, and in colours.

So far I trust we are on sure ground. The next inquiry is—What is the original cause of this universally acknowledged beauty?

But if what I have already written be found interesting or useful, this inquiry must form the subject of another paper. If not, I escape the responsibility and trouble of a longer article.

A STUDENT.

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A LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE FOR RAISING THE NAVAL  
PILLAR OR MONUMENT,

*Under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.*

*By JOHN FLAXMAN\*, Sculptor.*

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—The task you have undertaken of promoting the means for raising a National Naval Column, or Monument,

\* This Letter by an eminent sculptor, now first published, will be read with interest, not only as proceeding from so highly a cultivated mind, but as the proposition seems again likely to become a favourite with the public with reference to His Most Gracious Majesty, the former patron of the undertaking.

is so noble in its sentiment, that it cannot fail to reflect honour upon every individual engaged in it.

Besides the splendid beginning which has been given to the Subscription, you have taken the best method of securing a design equal to the greatness of the intention, by inviting all artists, without regard to distinction of class or description, to send in their plans, upon promise that the best shall be rewarded by suitable premiums; and such a conduct, at the same time that it is likely to bring together whatever is most excellent in this kind that the genius and science of our country can produce, will ensure universal applause for its liberality and patriotism.

And indeed in a work of so much national importance, it is absolutely necessary to collect as many good opinions as possible, in drawings, words, or writings, from artists, builders, and men of taste and letters, that the aggregate of whatever is best in composition, design, and construction, may be chosen, to prevent the injuries of error or disaster in the execution, and that the work when completed may be equal in perfection to the greatness of the idea.

In the variety of hints and opinions likely to be laid before you, each of which may contain something useful, you will perhaps permit an artist, who also, in the multitude, has the honour of his country at heart, to approach you with great respect, and offer such remarks and observations as have occurred to him upon the subject in the study and practice of his profession. In doing this, it will be necessary to take a general view of some of the most distinguished public monuments of antiquity, to consider how far their designs might be applicable to the present purpose, as well as the probable expense of the work.

The Obelisk deserves to be noticed first\*, as the simplest of the ancient monuments that has been proposed for imitation in the present case: but it is necessary, in the imitation of ancient architecture, that

\* Obelisks were dedicated to the sun by the Egyptians, and their figures tended to represent his rays, which accounts for their slender proportion.—Pliny, lib. xxxvi. cap. 8.

All the great obelisks in Rome have been thrown down, and most of them broken to pieces; those in Egypt and Alexandria have almost universally shared the same fate—the natural consequence of their great height in proportion to the smallness of their bases—whilst the Trajan and Antonine columns in Rome, and the pillar of Pompey, or Severus, in Alexandria, remain standing and entire, excepting what the second has suffered from fire, and the pedestal of the last from the Arabs.—Sandy's Travels, p. 115.—Norden, Savary, &c.



its principles and character should be preserved, because deviations from them have so seldom been attended with success. The height, then, of the Egyptian obelisk is in general about ten times the breadth of its base, which being mounted on a pedestal and plinth, the whole height could not be less than twelve diameters, a proportion much too slender for that strength and permanence which the monument in question should present. Besides, the character of the obelisk is so simple, that no ornament seems capable of being harmoniously united with it, excepting the hieroglyphics with which it was charged by the Egyptians.

The Triumphal Arch has been also thought on, which is an idea both elegant and classical, but which, however, is liable to two objections: First, that it cannot well be covered with bas-reliefs, representing the engagements it is intended to celebrate, like the ancient arches, because sculpture does not represent shipping with effect—and our great victories are naval,—but chiefly because the arch, consistently with a beautiful proportion, cannot be raised sufficiently high to make a distant stately object.

The Column, at the same time that it is equal in classical authority and beauty to either of the former, has several advantages over them. Its form is fitted to become a high and striking distant object, like the obelisk, with a greater bulk and firmness; it is more simple than the arch, and it is besides capable of being surmounted, surrounded, and defended, by such statues, trophies, and architectural forms, as the portraits of the heroes, the spoils of the vanquished, and the records of the national prowess require; thus making one great, harmonious, and magnificent composition.

Other forms to be found in antiquity might be suggested,—such as the Meta of the circus, or the figure of a temple: but the column is preferable to the former, as being better suited to the accompaniment of other architectural forms and sculptural explanation; and the latter is liable to the same objection with the triumphal arch,—that, consistently with a beautiful proportion, it cannot be raised sufficiently high to become a very distant object. To these might be added the Pharos, as a high and distinguished object of classical authority, although it does not seem preferable either for beauty or utility, supposing it to be erected in or near London.

But there is one species of public monument which deserves a more particular attention, because in it the illustrious ancients exhibited such magnificence, power and skill, as in the relation only must continue to delight and surprise succeeding ages,—this species is that of the colossal Statues. We are astonished when Pliny, speaking of these statues, says

there were an hundred of them in the city of Rhodes, each of which ennobled the place where it stood\*. In the accounts given by the ancients of these works, we are particularly struck with the bronze Jupiter of 60 feet high, by Lysippus, which stood before the Theatre of Pompey in Rome, which is mentioned at the head of those several statues equal to towers, at that time existing in the city†;—the Jupiter, made of ivory and gold by Phidias for the Temple of Elis, which as he sat was 60 feet high, and consequently had he stood must have been upwards of 72 feet‡;—the Minerva of the Athenian Acropolis, likewise made of ivory and gold, which held a statue of Victory six feet high in her hand§;—but above all the brass Colossus of Rhodes, 105 feet high||. It is not to be wondered at that the ancients bestowed their money and labour so liberally upon these public statues, considering how much more sentiment and interest there is in a fine human figure than can possibly be produced in the choicest piece of architecture, and especially when that figure represents the protecting power or genius of the country.

It naturally occurs in this place that from the two last-mentioned works hints might be taken for a public monument, perhaps the properest that could be offered; a statue might be raised, like the Minerva in the Athenian Citadel, whose aspect and size should represent the genius of the empire; its magnitude should equal the Colossus of Rhodes; its character should be Britannia triumphant; it should be mounted on a suitable pedestal and basement; the pedestal might be decorated with the heroes and trophies of the country, and the history of its prowess inscribed upon the basement; the whole work might be raised to the height required, 230 feet, and present the noblest monument of national glory in the world.

It is to be expected that some may be startled at the proposition before them on account of its magnitude and novelty; and indeed it should be well considered before it is assented to. In order to do this, it will be necessary to examine the subject in every essential point of view. But here it may be said in defence of what has been proposed, that designs for a national monument 230 feet high have been required by public advertisement; here then is a design of that height, a colossal statue which may be built by the same kind of labour and with the same durability as a column, with its proper accompaniments and decorations, and perhaps in the end would not be more expensive.

\* Pliny, lib. xxxiv. cap. 7.

† Ibid.

‡ Pausanias, lib. v.

§ Stuart's Athens, vol. iii. p. 13. Strabo, lib. viii.

|| Philo Byzantius. Pliny, lib. xxxiv. cap. 17.

But it may be the opinion of many well-disposed persons, that as such a work must be expensive, and consequently burthensome to the country, it would be more to the general advantage for it to be laid aside; and notwithstanding this opinion militates equally against the cost of every proper design, yet so benevolent a sentiment ought to be treated with due respect; and if it should appear that it would be an oppressive expense, the intention should be given up by all means:—nay, if it were not the wish and desire of the people at large, it would be unjust to burthen them with the expense of a work for which they had no inclination, and in which they took no interest. But to enable us to form a clearer judgment on this subject, we should take a view of the motives to engage the nation in such an undertaking, and the means by which it might be executed.

We may state, then, that Great Britain having increased its dominion by sea and land taken together to as great an extent as the Roman empire at its utmost height, possessing a proportionate commerce, having conquered all enemies at sea in a series of unequalled victories, and controlling the fate of great part of the globe by its power, is desirous to raise a national monument of such extraordinary success, prosperity, and favour of Divine Providence; such a work to be worthy of the grandeur of the country and the mighty objects it is intended to perpetuate, should be a decided proof of the excellence of our artists, the skill of our mechanics and builders, and in all respects a lasting memorial of the magnanimity, virtue, and wisdom of the country.

Having generally considered the character and dignity of the work, it will be proper to turn our thoughts to the expense and means of raising it. And here we may remark, that the monument now in contemplation will be liable to a very general comparison, both in design and expense, with the London column in Gracechurch-street, which was raised upwards of one hundred years ago at the expense of 14,500*l.* to perpetuate the memory of the great fire in 1666. Now the sum of 14,500*l.* about the year 1670, considering the increased value of labour and materials, would be equal to double that sum at present; so that the cost of the London column was not less than the value of 29,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* of our money, raised from miserable wrecks of fortune left by one of the most dire calamities that had ever afflicted the inhabitants of this country! Surely the spirit of the nation will feel that a memorial of the great singular blessings it enjoys, its wealth, its power, and unrivalled naval prowess, neither should nor could be raised at the same expense as was extracted from wretchedness to perpetuate the remembrance of calamity. When we think of the time this country has been

engaged in the present struggle, the blood and treasure it has expended; when we remember the incalculable advantages it has gained,—can it be supposed that a monument of less than double the expense of the London column should be raised to celebrate and perpetuate such exertions and advantages? If the motives for undertaking such a work were stated, and prints circulated throughout the country of a noble and beautiful design, it is likely that a very great number of persons would receive as much gratification from giving small subscriptions to raise the work, as they would in giving like sums to see a play, or any other public exhibition. Now 200,000 subscriptions of five shillings each make 50,000*l.*, or a million of shillings amount to the same sum: and if Government could be prevailed on to give the transport of the marble, with which this country abounds, for the work, it would be a great assistance. The sum proposed might be raised in six or seven years to supply the work in its progress: for such a sum a monument creditable to the country might be raised, and such a one as would stand the test of ages; for which purpose a sum very inferior to the above mentioned would be insufficient\*.

Whatever motives of ambition or interest may influence myself or any of my brother artists on the present occasion, either in our designs or opinions, who shall be elated with success, or who chagrined by disappointment, must be matter of total indifference to the country at large; and indeed the vicissitude of human affairs and the duration of life must in a short time make the issue of the contest of very small moment even to the contending parties themselves. But the country cannot be equally indifferent about the choice of a design, for upon that must depend whether the work will be a national honour or a national disgrace. It is a work intended to last as long as the Trajan column, the Amphitheatres, or the Pyramids of Egypt; and therefore impartial posterity will pass judgment upon it: if it is greatly conceived and executed in a manner worthy of the grandeur and power of the country, it will insure the praise and admiration of succeeding ages; but it would certainly be far better to raise no national monument whatever on the present occasion, than one upon which considerable labour and expense should be laid out, to be the scoff of foreigners and the disgrace of the country as long as it should exist.

As all British artists were called on by public advertisement to exert themselves on this occasion in the general cause, I thought duty

\* The parishes being 1200 in the kingdom, the money might perhaps be raised by parochial subscription or collection, in a manner neither burthensome nor disagreeable.

obliged me, in common with others, to send a design; and as I was personally known to scarcely any of the Committee, I have taken the liberty, with respect and humility, to address such of my motives and opinions as seemed necessary to the explanation of my design in this manner. I shall conclude with the wish, not that my own design may be chosen, but that the best, by whomsoever offered, may be determined on, and that the execution may render immortal honour to the country.

I have the honour to remain,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN FLAXMAN.

P.S. The summit of Greenwich Hill appears to be the best situation for the Naval Monument, from the following considerations:—the gradation of scenery from the Thames, rising with the fine architecture and porticos of this great Naval Hospital of the country, continued with the high ground of woods, and connected by the Observatory, with such a finish, would afford a sublimity of prospect not to be equalled in any other place; besides its vicinity to, and visibility in the high parts of London and its environs, to the south and east it would most likely be seen as far as the sea. It is also to be remembered that the port of the metropolis is the great port of the whole kingdom, that the Kent road is the ingress to London from Europe, Asia, and Africa; and that as Greenwich Hill is the place from whence the longitude is taken, the monument would, like the first milestone in the city of Rome, be the point from which the world would be measured.

*Note.*—Besides the accounts of colossal statues given by the ancient authors, sufficient to fill a volume, and of which stupendous remains are still to be seen in Egypt and Italy, magnificent works of this kind have been produced in the two last centuries: such are the figure of St. Charles Boromæus, of beaten brass, sixty-eight feet high, on a pedestal forty-eight feet ten inches, English measure, raised by the Boromæan family in one of the islands of the same name in the Milanese;—the statue of the Pyranees, built of stone, seventy feet high, at Prato, a villa belonging to the Duke of Tuscany;—and the bronze Hercules Farnese, forty feet high, standing on a prodigious cupola in the gardens of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The first of these statues was raised in honour of an illustrious kinsman, and the two last for striking objects only. At the same time that the inferiority of the purposes above mentioned must be confessed in comparison with that for which it is now proposed to raise a national monument, yet every one must consider with admi-

ration and applause the magnanimity and public spirit of those great persons who gave such encouragement to the genius and industry of their country to gratify the world at large.

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#### EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

SINCE our last notice of this collection, the Exhibition is closed, after a season eminently prosperous, considering that the great political events during the late period of such sights has absorbed the almost entire attention of that class to whom the artists particularly address their ingenious labours.

The late Lord De Tabley, by his encouragement of the British painter, obtained a reputation which will be a lasting honour to the family name. It is unaccountably strange that no person of rank or fortune should have emulated the splendid act of that patriotic nobleman, particularly as it refers to the encouragement of painting in Water-colours,—an art, as has been repeatedly observed, which originated and was perfected in England, and for which its professors are renowned amongst the enlightened of all nations. A well selected collection of paintings in water-colours, exhibited in a suitable gallery, would become more attractive, if viewed through the favour of the proprietor, than perhaps any collection of works of art that could be produced.

In addition to what we have already said of the Landscape department, we have to point to the works of Mr. Gastineau, and those by Mr. Austin, artists, in their respective branches, of distinguished eminence. The subjects in which Mr. Gastineau particularly excels, are generally chosen amongst wild and romantic scenery, abounding in rocks and cataracts, which his pencil describes with great truth and masterly spirit: indeed the vigour of colour displayed in the admixture of the perturbed water, dashing its spray as it roars over the rocky channels, as represented in certain of his compositions, is so true to nature as to be perfectly deceptive.

Mr. Austin's views and compositions contribute largely to the splendour of the general display; and the variety which is exhibited on the walls, exemplifies that it is by resorting to the study of nature alone that originality of style can be obtained. Theoretical study may make a mannerist, but a hundred years of sedulous practice in the closet, without recurring to nature, will not make a legitimate artist.

Since the practice of studying from nature has been adopted, it is too obvious to escape notice, that the variety of styles has increased in proportion to the advantage of the professor and to the delight of the amateur. It is this variety that constitutes patronage; for the amateur, even of limited fortune, is not content unless he procures one specimen at least of the pencil of each distinguished master; hence the employment is become increased ten-, or even twenty-fold to what was experienced a few years since.

We cannot name a more rational or delightful amusement than that of looking over a portfolio of drawings by the present school, in the company of a few intelligent persons, who are sufficiently enlightened to feel the respective merits of such interesting and elegant works of art. Such a portfolio is now in the possession of an elegant and highly accomplished family in the neighbourhood of Russell-square; and such is its attraction, that the evening parties at this house have obtained more *éclat* than any at the neighbouring mansions; for the family have unwittingly thereby acquired that, which many amongst the wealthy may envy, but which all desire to possess, namely,—a reputation for taste.

In this superb folio are certain amongst the choicest works of Mr. Hills, particularly some admirable groups of red-deer and fallow-deer, the latter perhaps of all the picturesque animals, the most beautiful to introduce in landscape.

It is due to this artist to state, for the information of those who are admirers of the Flemish and Dutch painters of animals, that no one who has yet undertaken to depict domestic animals, has understood or portrayed their forms with that fidelity and characteristic truth displayed in his works. Those who desire to understand the distinctive characters of the deer, the horse, the bull, cow, and ox; the sheep, the ass, and swine; the goat,—and last, the dog, in its many varieties, as designed from nature, and applicable to landscape scenery, will do well to consult Mr. Hills's etchings in folio,—a work abounding in the finest examples, and dedicated expressly to this useful purpose.

In this portfolio are some of the best works of Mr. Christal, which are elegantly composed, and replete with the highest qualities of that species of design, not inaptly denominated Historical Landscape, and in which this artist may be deemed the Nicola Poussin of water-colour art.

Some of Havell's racy scenes amongst the Lakes of Cumberland are also here, specimens of his mastery, as he practised his art in his earlier days. The compositions of this artist were much admired, even in the



first year's exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, six-and-twenty years ago. He had already proved himself an attentive observer of nature; for his landscape subjects were well chosen, and truly characteristic of English scenery,—an observation that might appear unnecessary to those unacquainted with the practice of Lambert, Taverner, the Smiths of Chichester, and others of the early English school.

These, and all our landscape painters previous to Wilson and Gainsborough, looked at their native mountains, woods, and plains, at best, when they studied at all, through the spectacles of foreign masters; on this account their pictures have very slight pretensions to our approbation, as they will not bear a comparison with the works of our living artists, who regard nature through the medium of their own optics.

Havell, however, was not contented with an occasional trip from London to snatch a new hint, by hastily sketching from real scenes, to work them into pictures after his return, at perhaps some distant period too, as many had done before; he wisely determined to move to a picturesque country, wherein, on some chosen spot, he could sojourn awhile, and at leisure contemplate Nature under the changes of each season, and attired in all the varieties of her rich wardrobe. He selected the beautiful region of the Lakes in Cumberland, and took up his quarters in a domicile in the very bosom of romantic nature, surrounded by mountains, rocks, woods, and water-falls; where the incidents of sunshine and cloud,—where gilded morning mists and sober evening shades,—are exhibited in the endless combinations of pictorial and poetic effect, such as the richest imagination might vainly attempt to conceive, but were therein realized. Here he studied for nearly two years, when he returned to London with rich stores of lake and mountain scenery, from which for several consecutive years he enriched the Water-Colour Exhibition, increased his own fame, and contributed to raise still higher the reputation of his department of art.

We remember amongst these Cumberland views, some which were remarkable for depth of tone and harmony of effect, and nearer to reality than the landscape compositions of any of his compeers. Indeed, the richness and intensity of colouring, as displayed in some of his best works, suffered nothing in comparison of effect with paintings in oil; a consequence that resulted from his continual practice of making coloured studies of effect on the spot.

These drawings, though broad in effect, and bold in execution, yet were highly wrought, being the result of continuous observation, careful study, and much labour: indeed it were not possible to attain

equal richness and harmony without such exertion. These qualities are alone to be effected by reiterated touching, tinting, or glazing; for it is in water-colours as with oil-colours, deep-toned pictures require much time to accomplish. Teniers, it is evident, painted at once from a simple palette, and worked with celerity: there is a lightness, clearness, and masterly dexterity of execution which testify the expedition of his pencil; but he aimed not at richness and depth of tone. His pictures appear to be an off-hand transcript of what he saw, transferred at once to his panel, the result of practice without an effort of art.—Ostade, on the contrary, wrought with another, and perhaps a superior feeling: he aimed at the depth and glowing richness of Titian. Each were admirable masters in their way; but Teniers, without doubt, could have painted ten pictures within the time which Ostade would have required to paint one.

Certain professors of water-colours, who have prepared their compositions right through with black and gray, however bright the effects which they may have brought forth by washing the colours over such a general and unvaried preparation, were properly denominated draughtsmen, or tinters; not by way of reproach, but from the comparative mechanical ease of their mode of practice. Turner, Havell, Varley, Hills, the Westalls, and others at this distant period, who commenced by laying in the local tints at once, and advanced their designs with corresponding shadows, may fairly lay claim to the character of *painters* in water-colours. Those who worked by the afore-mentioned mechanical process consequently executed their designs with ten times the dispatch of those who painted their compositions.

That richness of style which Havell aimed at, and which he so successfully accomplished in water-colours, could not possibly have been effected by the old mode of practice. The new process was a discovery which originated with Turner, and was performed by taking out the lights with bread. The process was simple in its means, but required skill in the management. The principal masses, according to this practice, are laid in with all the effect which local colouring can give, similar to that of oil painting; but the finishing is totally different, as the lights, instead of being painted *on*, as in oil, are really taken out.

The local effect then is thus laid in up to the finishing with the high lights, the forms for receiving which are produced by taking clean water in a camel-hair or sable pencil, and touching with the same all the parts destined for the lights; upon which a soft silk handkerchief is pressed, taking care not to spread the water. The handkerchief, after absorbing the water, is removed, when the parts wetted are

dexterously swept over by a bit of bread (not stale) pinched to a pellet, which removes the colour, and leaves the lights clean and sharp, and in a beautiful state, when dry, for receiving the glazing tints\*.

When this process is executed with judgment, and with a masterly hand, we feel no hesitation in saying, that for the touching of foliage, the bark of trees, the broken surfaces of stone, brick, plaster, and for figures, and various other objects in topographical or landscape composition, nothing can excel the process, either in spirit or texture. It has so peculiar and rich a character indeed, that when Turner's magnificent effects of light, shadow, and texture, aided by this process, were first exhibited at the Royal Academy, all the painters were puzzled to find out by what art he performed this graphic magic.

It rarely happens that the talents of men, however great they may be, are duly appreciated by their contemporaries. Some few indeed have had the felicity to be an exception to the rule. Girtin, one of the greatest geniuses that ever practised water-colour painting, made but little of his art; the dealers, however, who happened to possess his works, benefited by his death; as they suddenly rose in estimation, and, continuing to be sought with avidity, they were purchased at almost any premium that was demanded. Not more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since his decease, and his fame still increasing, every scrap from his intelligent pencil is contended for as a treasure, and his best works are not to be obtained at any price.

Turner, his contemporary and rival, experienced a better fate. His works were more carefully wrought, and consequently more generally understood. His reputation was soon acquired, and has steadily increased. Always improving, patronage step by step followed his exertion, and his fame still keeps pace with his transcendent genius.

From the period when these two artists thus raised the reputation of this new species of art, a school of painting in water-colours has arisen, which is not only an honour to the country, but a prominent characteristic amongst the intellectual improvements of the age. Regarding it then in this just point of appreciation, it reflects discredit upon the wealth and taste of the superior classes of the community for withholding that general patronage which such a congregate of talent might reasonably expect at their hands; for great as are the claims of the many distinguished contemporary artists who could be named, it is only a very small proportion of them who are duly encouraged: for

\* The modern practice has nearly rejected the bread, and substituted a soft handkerchief for rubbing out the lights.

how few amongst even the enlightened have extended their patronage to the professors of this new, highly meritorious, and truly national species of art, so far as to make a collection of pictures in water-colours sufficient to form even a small gallery for the gratification of their own taste, and the delight of amateurs less opulent than themselves ! Surely this neglect of native talent argues a want of becoming national pride, an apathy little creditable to the boasted march of mind ; whilst tens of thousands of pounds are annually expended by the same exalted class, in adding to the already crowded collections of the works of the old masters.

That this strain of complaint may appear unreasonable to many we are aware ; because the general belief is, that all the superior works that have been annually exposed for sale on the walls of this Society have found liberal purchasers. The truth, however, must be told, painful or indiscreet as may appear the disclosure, for experience has too abundantly proved, that a very small proportion indeed of the larger and more splendid works, such as would adorn even a national gallery, have been disposed of ; whilst the lesser works, such as may be placed in the album or portfolio,—and even but a moderate proportion of these,—have been consigned to the collector. This is the more strange, as it is universally acknowledged by the world of taste, that no objects of art, amongst modern inventions, are better suited than water-colour paintings for the decoration of the principal apartments of a splendid mansion. Were it not for the prevailing fashion of “ *learning to draw*,”—a most outrageous folly, as it is too generally practised,—the far greater part of the most distinguished professors of water-colour painting might revel in building imaginary galleries in the air, and, fattening meanwhile on the fare which poets assign to the cameleon, stock them with their own handy-works.

It was said by one of the scions of a noble stock, at a public dinner on the opening of that triumph of modern machinery which united with the rapidity of the wind the commercial intercourse of two of the most important towns in the empire, that, touching *the march of mind*, “ intellect was, until of late, always considered to have originated with the aristocracy.” Those yet unborn perchance may marvel at the assertion, when the posterity of the noble asserter, and of other noble families, may be out-bidding each other at some future Christie’s for the works of the *Old British masters*,—of the very artists whose genius and talent were sacrificed at the shrine of idolatry for the ancient masters of foreign schools, by the great aristocracy of the age of King George the Fourth !

In recurring to the two artists, who may be said to be the great luminaries of this modern art, we will here take the opportunity of inserting a short estimate of their respective talents.

Turner was well grounded in perspective under Malton. Girtin became an adept in the same science under the tuition of Dayes. Malton and Dayes were topographical draughtsmen. Their pupils soon left their preceptors in art an immeasurable distance behind.

Dr. Munro,—now the venerable, being almost of a patriarchal age, heretofore the contemporary of Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, and all the founders of the Royal Academy, and long reputed as an amateur artist and great collector of drawings,—was, in no small degree, instrumental to these youths, particularly to Turner. The Doctor's collection, which contained some of the choicest works of Gainsborough, Cozens, and Hearne, was open to them; and they, with a laudable spirit of competition, and an ardent love of their profession, availed themselves of the advantage. Many copies made by Messrs. Girtin and Turner, under the roof of this gentleman, whilst they were yet considerably short of the age of manhood, were so admirable for freedom and correctness, that they were not unfrequently preferred to the originals from which they had been taken.

Amongst other specimens of the talent of Turner, we have a perfect recollection of a drawing rendered into colours by him, from a very slight sketch by Gainsborough, of a 'Group of Travellers reposing,' which was replete with mastery and feeling. It was, indeed, Gainsborough completed by Turner; as Gainsborough, had he known the power of water-colours, would, in his happiest mood, have perfected his own work.

Thus proceeding, and having acquired a knowledge of the executive department of drawing, our youthful artists, like Claude, the Poussins, and the illustrious landscape-painters of old, sought Nature in those recesses where she most loves to hold communion with her votaries, whether painter or poet, and copied her in her native beauty.

It should be observed, that the phrase "*studying from Nature*," in the sense with which it is applied to this art, implies the drawing or painting of animate and inanimate objects, whether natural or artificial, from the objects themselves, in contradistinction to copying them from the works of other artists, from memory, or from description; and herein consists the main difference between painting and poetry.

To paint successfully from Nature, according to this acceptation, the artist must not only have an accurate knowledge of the form, but

some acquaintance with the structure of the object represented : not essentially so with the poet. To describe a storm at sea, the poet carries the imagination of his reader up mighty waves in his labouring barque, and hurries it down again into a fearful abyss of waters ; yet, however finely he renders his description, he may not have seen a ship, or have been within sight of rocks or waves.

The painter, however, must not only have witnessed the ocean in its rage, and the vessel borne upon its foaming surface, but have studied the colour, form, and texture of the liquid element, and know the structure of the mighty piece of moving architecture that awfully rolls along.

Turner's commencement from Nature was the depicting scenes whose principal features were remains of ancient architecture. We remember his earliest topographical drawings ; these had all the correctness of Hearne, with an endeavour to superadd that which his prototype did not attempt,—the representation of local colour. His first efforts, though somewhat crude, gave presage of his future superior feeling ; for every stone, and brick, and tile on his buildings were varied in their respective tints. "He had," to use the observation of a departed connoisseur, "already learned to read Nature."

Girtin was proceeding with the same observant eye to Nature, and equally attentive to that captivating quality, local colour. These two aspiring geniuses, emulous without envy, were developing new properties in the material in which they wrought their elegant imitations of what they selected, and raising the practice of water-colours, which had hitherto procured no higher title for the best works of the professors thereof than that of tinted drawings, to the rank and character of paintings in water-colours. Thus improving rapidly, as by inspiration, these two distinguished artists, whilst yet young men, achieved the honour of founding that English school, as it now stands recorded, the admiration of all enlightened nations.

It might be supposed that similarity of study at their commencement, and the apparent affinity of feeling for their art, would have led these young painters to practise in a similar style. On the contrary, nothing can be less like than the drawings of Turner and Girtin. We do not force comparisons, but their works are frequently as remote in general character, as those of Salvator Rosa and Claude de Lorraine.

Girtin made his drawings, with but few exceptions, on cartridge-paper. He chose this material, as his object was to procure a bold and imposing chiar' oscuro with splendour of colour, and without attention to detail. Some of his happiest productions display these qualities

united with magnificent effect, and certain of his topographical views are treated with an originality of feeling that cannot fail to captivate the artist and the connoisseur. Many of his works, however, betray a carelessness of execution which requires somewhat of prejudice in favour of originality to tolerate, or sometimes even endure. It may, indeed, be said of his works, as of those by the renowned Wilson, that they were not generally admired, because their merits were only felt by those who were competent to judge of the abstract perceptions of a great and original artist.

His mountainous scenery was oftentimes treated with grandeur of effect, obviously assuring us that he had been an attentive observer of those sublime appearances, created by storms and vapours, which occur in those elevated regions. He was one of those daring imitators of nature, who ventured to represent a mass of mountains dark and darker still, as they receded into the distance,—a figure of painting which none but the most poetic mind would presume to introduce into a pictorial composition. The flatness and freshness of verdure with which he described the valleys extending to the basis of their surrounding heights, he imitated with a felicity that perhaps has never been exceeded. The distant herds, too, which he introduced grazing on these plains, were so like what we have seen in nature, when a gleam of light penetrating a parting cloud has displayed them as so many gems glittering on a velvet mantle of vivid green.

Girtin's admirers tolerated a defect in certain of his drawings, which proves how much allowance the enthusiastic amateur will make for the sake of genius. The paper which he most admired was to be had only of a stationer at Charing-cross; this was Dutch cartridge, with slight wire-marks, and folded like foolscap. It commonly happened that the part which had been folded when put on the stretching-frame, would sink into spots or expose the transverse line across the picture; so that where the crease appeared, the colour was some degrees of darker blue than the general tone of the sky. This unsightly accident was not only overlooked, but, in some instances, relished in the true spirit of dilettantiship, inasmuch as it was taken for a sign of originality, and in the transfer of these drawings from one collector to another, bore a premium according to that indubitable mark.



## ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

THE names and proceedings of our early architects are nearly as far involved in mystery and conjecture as the origin of the term of that branch of art in which they practised; and the benefactor of money to the support of a cathedral is so often confounded with the actual designer of the edifice as to puzzle the biographer and mislead the reader; while the matter and the manner in which our ancient buildings are constructed seem equally uncertain, with the office of master, mason, surveyor, or clerk of the works, titles which were equally bestowed on men who professed these offices as sinecures, as prelatical favourites, or to those who gloried and shone as professors and lovers of ecclesiastical architecture.

It is universally, however, allowed, that to the latter alone we owe so vast a debt of gratitude for the erection of our cathedrals, our halls and colleges; and to the drones in the hive, as they were falsely called,—the monks of our monasteries,—are we indebted for the “long-drawn aisle,” as they indeed were the only persons for whom the arts had a charm. They were not only the sole architects of their days, but according to the accurate Dallaway, they were even the makers and burners of bricks; they were the painters and gilders; they were the illuminators of books as well as the writers; and those works which they have left behind them, by their beauty and durability, shame the exertions of their degenerate descendants, and are monuments at once of their zeal and ability. Ælfric, abbot of Malmesbury, is said by the historic monk of that place to have been *œdificandi gnarus*\*; and not only was the study and practice of architecture practised by other Saxon prelates, but among the clergy of the early Norman kings were found pious men of consummate skill in architecture, which, aided by their munificence, was applied to the rebuilding of their cathedral churches, as also of the greater abbeys. They prided themselves in the zeal which they bore for their religion, by exhibiting proofs of their architectural skill, by adding also to their churches, and giving them a pervading symmetry of style. We have abundant instances of bishops and abbots who cultivated with assiduity and success the elements of geometry and the principles of decoration, which they applied to the structures for which they furnished plans.

The frequent resort of the bishops of different nations to the Holy See (says Mr. Dallaway) afforded them an opportunity of obtaining

\* Vide Anglo-Sax. vol. ii. p. 32.

plans which they adopted upon their return to their own country; and Walpole justly asserts, that as all the other arts were confined to the cloisters, so also was architecture; and that when we read that such a bishop or such an abbot built such an edifice, they often gave the plans as well as furnished the necessary funds.

Many very celebrated modern architects have been divided in their opinion respecting the manner in which the early professors of architecture delivered their instructions to the workmen, whether by working drawings of plans and sections, not only of the whole building itself, but of the minor arrangements of the timbers as at the present day; whether on paper, or by some kind of model.

It appears from Mr. Dawson Turner's '*Tour in Normandy*', that the working drawings of many of the finished continental churches are to be seen in their archives. The drawing of the west front of Cologne Cathedral was discovered by Sulpice Boisserée, nailed to a door, and was supposed to have been stolen from a library. Mr. Dibdin, in his elegant '*Antiquarian and Bibliographical Tour*', says, that he saw the original drawings for Strasbourg Cathedral, which was built as far back as the year 1308. These drawings were in outline, very elaborate, and executed upon large pieces of vellum several feet in length. William St. Clair, who built the church of Roslin, caused artificers to be brought from other regions and "*foraigne kingdoms*"; he caused draughts to be drawn upon Eastland boards, and made the carpenters to carve them, according to the draughts thereon, and then gave them for patterns to the masons."

At this period of which we have been treating, when the principles of all knowledge were centred in the clergy, it was no uncommon thing to appoint some dignitary of the church to preside over the King's works. Thus it will be found in our pages, that Richard de Croyland, a monk and native of Lincolnshire, was master of the works at Croyland Abbey. William of Wykeham held the same office at Windsor Castle. John of Canterbury, who went from Eton to Windsor College in 1451, was made clerk of the works; another overseer was John Langton, Bishop of St. David's in 1447. And in the indentures of these periods of which we are treating, we find the Archdeacon of Norwich overseer of the glass-work for the windows: and in the archives of Caius College is a deed, dated Aug. 7, 1470, "*Of the master masons and clerks of the works*," the connecting links between the planner, designer and the mere builder. Among these mere amateur promotions of the board of works, and of those who enjoyed the situation as a sinecure, unless it may be said that he assisted the study of architecture by his poetical feelings,

was the otherwise illustrious Geoffrey Chaucer, who in 1390 was made clerk of the works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor: he might, however, be a valuable ally as presiding over the pecuniary department, but of this we have no evidence.

The earliest architect we find on record, we mean of sufficient authority to be quoted, for if we were to plunge into legendary lore we could find earlier instances\*, was, according to William of Malmshbury, that blessed Confessor Ninias or Niniane, whom chronology places about the year of our Lord 432. He built, says our author, a church of white stone on the confines of England and Scotland, which appeared at that time so like a miracle to the Britons, that it bore the name of *Candida Casa*. It stood in a place called White Hern, which is in Galloway in the southern parts of Scotland.

From the time of Ninias in 432 we can glean no information until 200 years afterwards of other architects or architecture, when WILFRID, who was Archbishop of York in 600, rendered himself famous, during the latter part of the seventh century, for the churches of Ripon and Hexham, &c. of which he was the architect. The church of St. Andrew at Hexham was celebrated by an ancient writer, Eddius, who had seen it, as a miracle of art, and who speaks of it in the following manner: "Its deep foundations and the many subterraneous rooms there artfully disposed, and above ground the great variety of buildings to be seen, all of hewn stone, and supported by sundry kinds of pillars and many porticos, and set off by surprising length and height of the walls, surrounded with various mouldings and bands curiously wrought, and the turnings and windings of the passages, sometimes ascending or descending by winding stairs to the different parts of the building, all of which it is not easy to express by words." Richard, Prior of Hexham, more fully describes this building in A.D. 1180; the building was then in a decaying state. Ricardi Prioris Hagulst, lib. vi. cap. 3. Wilfrid also repaired York Cathedral in the best manner, covering the roof with new lead, and filling the windows with glass in such a manner as to prevent the entrance of wind and rain, and yet admit the light. The frequent journeyings of this prelate to the court of Rome, and his visits to the churches there, with the instructions which he received from Archdeacon Boniface, made him a very excellent architect; while the opportunity which he had of en-

\* Take as a specimen a Bishop Adhelm, who flourished in the seventh century. This pious professor it is said lengthened a beam in the church which the workmen had cut too short, and hung on it his garments to dry in the rays of the sun.

gaging Roman workmen to execute his plans in England, gave him every advantage of having his excellent ideas reduced to practice.

ANNA, King of East Anglia, 637,

resided sometime at Orford Castle, in Suffolk, where he built one of the earliest Saxon churches; the remaining piers and arches of the chancel of which, also an accurate plan of the Saxon church at Dunwich, in the same county, are given from drawings, by Wilkin, in the 'Archæol.' vol. xii. plate xxxvii. Having dismissed the royal professor of architecture, we return to the prelatical order, who, with the last exception, seem to monopolize this art to themselves.

BISCOP, or EPISCOPIUS BENEDICT, 674;

a noble Saxon, who, retiring from the world at the age of twenty-five, and becoming an ecclesiastic, devoted great part of his time to the foundation, endowment, and decoration of St. Peter's church and monastery of Wearmouth, of which he became superior; following the example of his predecessor, Bishop Wilfrid, in his several journeys to France and Italy, he collected books and relics. In 674 he obtained the grant of a tract of land on the river Were, from Egfrid, King of Northumberland, on which he began to form his establishment; and in the following year he went to France, and procured artificers to erect his new church of stone, and after the Roman manner, according to the practice of that period, as mentioned by Bede and other Saxon writers\*.

\* The Norman architecture, which succeeded the Roman, was called by William of Malmesbury, who lived in the reign of Henry I., *novum genus ædificandi*. This mode of building was introduced in this country just before the Conquest; and the first church in this style was Westminster Abbey, as erected by Edward the Confessor, who having lived many years in the Norman court, when he came to the crown of England, greatly affected all the Norman customs.

Matthew Paris, speaking also of Westminster Abbey, calls it *novum genus compositionis*; and Malmesbury again, among the works of Edward the Confessor, tells us *Ecclesiam ædificationis novo genere fecit*. All our cathedral and conventual churches, built or founded in the times of William I., William II., and Henry I., and for some time after, were of the same style, examples of which are now extant. Afterwards this mode of architecture grew out of use, and under Henry III. seems to have been quite neglected. The buildings in that age were wholly in another style, which is distinguished by the name of *Gothic*. When it was first introduced is uncertain; but it prevailed so much in that reign, that the king pulled down the abbey church of Westminster, built by the Confessor, in order to rebuild it in this (then) new mode; and many of our cathedrals had additions at the east end, in the same style as St. Paul's, Ely, &c.—*Bentham*.

In 682, after a fourth excursion to Rome, from which Biscop returned laden with books, relics, &c., he built another monastery on the banks of the Tyne, four miles from Newcastle, called Gurvey or Jarron, and dedicated it to St. Paul; soon after which he died of a palsy in 690, and was buried at Wearmouth.

Biscop not only brought over foreign builders, but persons who excelled in making glass, of which commodity they made enough to glaze all the windows of his new church; and they also instructed the Saxons in this art, which was before unknown in this country, Wilfrid having glazed his cathedral seven or eight years before this with glass, which he imported from abroad.

EANBALD and ALCUIN, 769,

were the principal architects chosen by Archbishop Albert to rebuild one of the most complete Saxon churches, St. Peter of York, which had been repaired by Wilfrid; these were two priests of his own church, the former of whom succeeded him in the see of York.

We have now to record another royal architect, though of doubtful fame in that department of art, in the great KING ALFRED, 849 to 900. Posterity, grateful for the advantages which have accrued from his great talents, has probably given him even more than he ever possessed. Marianus, who was almost his contemporary, living in A.D. 889, says, This king was a skilful musician and an able architect; and that he not only re-edified but restored almost every religious house which had been destroyed by the Danes. But "restored" is a vague term, and he is no longer believed to have even been the founder of Oxford University, which, indeed, he might have been, without possessing any knowledge of architecture; but the real founder is proved to have been William of Durham.—See Whittaker's *Life of St. Neat*.

BRITHNOTH, 970,

Abbot of Ely, rebuilt those parts of his church which were destroyed by the Danes, finishing all the stone work and completing the roof which had been destroyed by fire. Bentham gives also an account of his skill in gardening: he died about 981.

EDNOD, 974,

was a monk of Worcester, from which place he was invited by King Edgar to build the famous abbey of Romsey, in Huntingdonshire, which church was six years in building.—See a description of it in Bentham's *Ely*, vol. i. p. 28.

OSWALD, 992,

eighteenth bishop of Worcester, which church was under the government of secular canons, which he vainly attempting to change into a monastic establishment as directed by King Edgar, determined to remove the episcopal chair. For this object he erected, contiguous to the original cathedral church, an entirely new fabric: he died in 1014. No part of Oswald's church at present remains.—See Wild's Worcester Cathedral, and Chambers's Biog. Illus. of Worcester.

JOHN OF WHETHAMSTED,

Abbot of St. Alban's, very early directed his attention to the state of the abbey church; the nave was new ceiled and painted, the choir repaired, and a neat chapel erected in it for the abbots' burial place; the chapel of the Virgin was fresh painted and further embellished; the cloisters were new glazed with painted or stained glass, representing a series of subjects from Scripture history; the bake-house, which Abbot Paul had left standing, was rebuilt together with the infirmary; a new library was constructed, and various other improvements made in the monastic edifices: the beautiful monument in memory of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester was also constructed during the time of Whethamsted. But what more particularly entitles him to a place in this work is, that the elegant screen which separates the chancel of St. Alban's Abbey from the presbytery, was probably designed and begun under his direction, as his arms are carved over the doorways.

WOLSTAN, second Bishop of Worcester, 1862,

surnamed the Saint, was a native of Long Ichington, Warwick. His name was a compound of that of his father and mother, Ælfstan and Ulgeva. These holy persons separated by mutual consent, to become the inhabitants of cloisters; and Wolstan, taking the habit and order of a monk, became a deacon and priest of Worcester cathedral.

This pious and exemplary prelate commenced building his cathedral in 1084; and although a Saxon, he found he was also compelled to follow the general example, and to rebuild his church in the new style of magnificence, which it appears he was very unwilling to adopt\*. This new cathedral, the foundation of which laid out to the south of St. Oswald's church, is the present Worcester Cathedral; and it is re-

\* That Wolstan had some claim to talents as an artist is hinted by Walpole, who thinks that the earliest place in a catalogue of English painters is due to him, or at least to Ervenias his master, who was an illuminator of missals.—See Walpole's *Painters*, p. 12, 4to ed.

ported that Wolstan wept over the demolition of the old structure when his own was sufficiently advanced to receive the monks. This anecdote, says Mr. Wild, in his highly embellished and excellent History of Worcester Cathedral, is given by William of Malmsbury, who wrote a book of his life and miracles, and is not without interest, since it tends to confirm the opinion that the Saxon edifices were greatly inferior to those erected by the Normans, and serves to exhibit the amiable weakness with which the refinements of our Norman conquerors were viewed by this Saxon prelate. Our author states, that being gently reproved by those about him, and reminded how much rather he had cause to rejoice, that under his prelacy the augmented number of the monks required more spacious habitations, he replied, "I think far otherwise; we destroy the works of our holy forefathers, that we may obtain praise. These pious men knew not how to construct pompous edifices, but under any roof devoted themselves to God, and excited others by their example. We, on the contrary, heap up stones and neglect the care of our souls." He was doubtless an extraordinary man, a persuasive and powerful preacher, though his attainments were mean. He died January 19, 1095\*, aged about 87, was canonized by Pope Innocent III., and was the last Saxon bishop of Worcester.

#### Bishop REMIGIUS, 1063.

This prelate built the cathedral of Lincoln, to which he was removed from that of Dorchester, and chose for his model that of Rouen. The roof of Lincoln cathedral was soon after destroyed by fire.—See Alexander, *post.* p. 69.

#### GUNDALF, 1077.

Bishop of Rochester, was originally of Bee in Normandy: he attracted the notice of the Conqueror by his great talents, not only as an architect but an engineer, and he employed him to erect castles, which he planned with such grandeur of style, strength of building, and skilful contrivance, that even their mouldering walls exhibit fragments of interest to succeeding architects of the present day; he is believed to have directed the building of the keep and tower of Rochester castle; he may indeed be considered as the inventor of castle architecture. Gundalf seems to have considered the artificial mount as unnecessary;

\* The predilection for the French tongue was so strongly impressed upon the English in 1095, that Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester, was *deposed* and called a superannuated English idiot, who could not speak French.—Stevenson's Continuation of Bentham, p. 9.



he built the central towers of his castles in so lofty a style as to make them contain four several floors.

About this period it was fashionable to erect large and grand churches; and this magnificent style was much promoted by Henry I., in order, it is said, to ingratiate himself with the clergy; and Gundalf introduced so much novelty and beauty in his ecclesiastical building, that his style acquired the appellation of Gundalf Architecture; he built part of Rochester cathedral, the chapel in the Tower of London, and great part of Peterborough cathedral.

Of about the same period was

WALTER,

a monk of Coresia, became Abbot of Evesham; and being taken with the new or Norman way of building, he destroyed the church, which was looked upon as one of the finest in England, and began a new one. Also *Turston*, a monk of Caen, becoming Abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, began to rebuild the church of that monastery, in which he was succeeded by Halewin.

SIMEON, 1082,

9th Abbot of Ely, began building the present cathedral of Ely between the years 1082 and 1093; it remained unfinished at the day of his death in 1093.—See Abbot Richard.

MAURITIUS, 1086,

Bishop of London, was the architect of Old St. Paul's. At the same period Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas of York, Wakelin of Winchester, and other bishops, were restoring their churches.

RICHARD X., Abbot of Ely, 1102,

and the last of that cathedral, was a native of Normandy. He continued building the new cathedral of Ely, commenced by Abbot Simeon, the eastern part of which he completed in 1106. How far he proceeded in this work is not certain; but as the choir which he finished extended from the east and through the great cross, and took in also two arches of the nave, it is highly probable that the whole east, with the cross and tower in the intersection of the cross, and these two arches at least, were completed in his time. And if we may rely on the opinion of our author, says Bentham, who wrote in the reign of Henry I., and before the west end was built, this church was then, for composition, exquisite skill in the construction of it, and for elegance in the form, equal, if not superior, to any building in the kingdom.

**ROGER, Bishop of Salisbury, 1107.**

He was the builder of the old cathedral of Salisbury.

**ERNULPH, Bishop of Rochester, 1114,**

native of France and Abbot of Peterborough, was bishop of Canterbury, 1114. He was the industrious compiler of the *Textus Roffensis*, a work that contains much valuable information on subjects of antiquity: he was also distinguished for his knowledge in architecture, though but few remains of his buildings have been preserved to our times. When a monk at Canterbury he began the splendid alterations in the cathedral church of that city, which were afterwards completed by Prior Conrad. At Peterborough, he finished the chapter-house, and erected the refectory and dormitory for the monks: and at Rochester, he built the dormitory, the refectory, and the chapter-house. The ruins of the latter, which adjoined to the cathedral on the south side, display a greater profusion of ornament than the buildings of Gundulf, though the style both of the architecture and sculpture is the same. Ernulph died in 1124, aged 84.—See Wilkins's *Archæol.* vol. xii. p. 157.

**ALEXANDER, Bishop of Lincoln, 1123,**

one of the greatest architects of his time, restored the roof of the cathedral built by Remigius, by erecting one of stone. Some authors say that he rebuilt his cathedral: it is certain that he was the architect of three cathedrals; namely, Banbury, Sleaford, and Newark. He also founded two monasteries, and died in the 24th year of his prelacy.

**HENRY BLOIS, Bishop of Winchester, 1129,**

a very celebrated architect, who built the conventual church of St. Cross, Winchester, and Romsey church, Northamptonshire. It is said that he was the first who constructed the open pointed arch, examples of which are the 20 windows of the church of St. Cross above alluded to, which structure he certainly raised between the years 1132 and 1136. Bretton Milner, however, speaks of him as the founder, but acknowledges his skill in building castles: he made vast lakes, and constructed aqueducts, &c. &c.

**ROGER DE CLINTON, Bishop of Chester, 1136.**

This architect introduced the pointed arch in the church of Lichfield when bishop of that see; also in the abbey of Bildwas, and Llanthony Abbey.

PETER of Colechurch, 1163,

according to Stowe, not only repaired the old London-bridge, but in 1163 erected a new one of elm timber. He also, in 1176, (vide Annals of Waverley,) commenced a stone bridge, which was such an ornament as the Thames had never before witnessed: it took 56 years to complete; but the architect died in 1205, and was buried in a tomb which he had erected for himself in the middle of the under chapel in the centre pier of the bridge, which chapel was also built by him, and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. It was a beautiful Gothic structure, 65 feet long, 25 feet broad, and 40 feet high; it consisted of two stories. The upper chapel was an elegant structure, supported by 14 clustered columns, &c. &c.—See a view of it in the Chronicles of London-bridge.

On the decease of Peter of Colechurch, a letter was written by King John, on the advice of Hubert bishop of Canterbury, to the mayor and citizens of London, and recommending to them a new architect, *Isenbert*, master of a school at Xainctes, an architect of great learning, who had lately built the bridges of Rochelle and Xaincthes near Bordeaux in France, to finish building that of London. It is, however, by no means clear, notwithstanding the royal writ, that Isenbert was employed for this purpose; for we are told by Stowe, that the arches, chapel, and stone bridge over the Thames, London, were, in 1209, finished by the worthy merchants of London,—Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, principal masters of that work.—Vide Chron. of London-bridge.

ROGER, Archbishop of York, 1154,

built a part of York cathedral, none of which work is however visible\*.

WILLIAM of Sens, 1175,

was chosen architect to Canterbury cathedral after it was destroyed by fire; in which building, when he had proceeded for about three years, he was so much injured by the fall of the scaffolding, as obliged him to give his instructions in bed; but finding no relief from English surgeons, he gave up his situation and returned to France.

That part of Canterbury cathedral which was first executed by William of Sens, exhibits no acquaintance with the principles of pointed-

\* Geoffrey Reddel, bishop of Ely in 1174, was not, as it appears, an architect; but he ornamented the choir of his cathedral with paintings, and carried on, or ordered to be carried on, the new work and tower at the west end of the church, almost up to the top.

arch vaulting; for though pointed arches do occur, they are merely introduced to range with others of the semicircular form which occupy a wider space. It was not until the third year of this work that the architect seems to have ascertained the advantages or the effect of pointed arches; and in the portion of the building which was executed after his time they appear to have been regularly and systematically introduced.—*Archæol.* vol. xiii. p. 17. 22.

He built the choir of the cathedral as it now stands: and the works which he left unfinished were completed by *William Anglus*, (or the Englishman,) one of the first natives recorded after the Conquest as a professor of the building art. To this same William Englishman are attributed the buildings of the eastern transept, Trinity Chapel, and Becket's Crown, about 1184. The admirable screen was erected during the priorship of Henry De Estria, but by whom is not said.

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SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SUFFOLK STREET, Pall Mall East.

THIS Gallery closed on the 16th of last month, after a season of extended and most deserved success. Having twice noticed it before, we feel that we can do little more than to record the sales which have rewarded the exertions of the artists, and congratulate the spirited managers of the undertaking on the result of their labours.

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Purchasers.</i>
18. Il Penseroso.—	<i>T. Webster.</i>	Lord C. Townshend.
25. Reading the Manuscript.—	<i>A. G. Vickers.</i>	R. Vernon, Esq.
29. The Village Belle.—	<i>A. G. Vickers.</i>	Miss Knighton.
30. Fruit.—	<i>G. Stevens.</i>	Rev. Mr. Edwards.
31. A Lurcher pursuing a Leveret.—	<i>H. Smith.</i>	J. E. Robinson, Esq.
33. Adverse Winds.—	<i>J. Inskipp.</i>	R. Vernon, Esq.
38. Norwegian Ponies.—	<i>F. Turner.</i>	James West, Esq.
39. Fruit.—	<i>G. Stevens.</i>	P. Huggett, Esq.
70. The Mountain Maid.—	<i>W. Fisk.</i>	Joseph Hobbs, Esq.
73. Study from Nature.—	<i>Mrs. W. Carpenter.</i>	R. Vernon, Esq.
78. Gravediggers; Hamlet.—	<i>H. Liverseege.</i>	P. Rothwell, Esq.
80. The Grandfather.—	<i>J. P. Knight.</i>	C. M. Westmacott, Esq.
82. Greenwich Pensioner.—	<i>J. Hofland.</i>	Lord Monson.
86. Pheasants.—	<i>G. Stevens.</i>	R. Halford, Esq.
94. Morning.—	<i>J. W. Allen.</i>	George Morant, Esq.
102. View near Hertford.—	<i>S. J. G. Jones.</i>	W. D. Sherriff, Esq.
127. A Lime Kiln, Rye, Sussex.—	<i>J. W. Allen.</i>	Sir Robert Frankland.

132. The Covenanters.—*G. Harvey*. ——— Henderson, Esq.  
 137. Ruins of the Church of St. Rule, St. Andrew's.—*D. Roberts*.—Duke of Bedford.  
 138. The Presumptive Pinch.—*W. Kidd*.—Duchess of St. Alban's.  
 141. A Sketch.—*A. G. Vickers*.—*G. Sims*, Esq.  
 144. Fruit.—*G. Lance*.—*E. P. Thompson*, Esq.  
 157. The Festival of the Law.—*S. A. Hart*.—William Wells, Esq.  
 172. Dead Game.—*G. Stevens*.—John Beckinton, Esq.  
 173. Red Grouse.—*G. Stevens*.—Lord Rolle.  
 174. Banks of a River; Evening.—*W. Walsh*.—John Mott, Esq.  
 175. Mills at Northfleet.—*W. Walsh*.—John Mott, Esq.  
 181. Still Life.—*J. Lonsdale, jun.*—John Mott, Esq.  
 201. The Jack Trimmer.—*J. Inskipp*.—John Mott, Esq.  
 208. Coast of East Lothian, Bassrock and Fontallan Castle in the distance.  
       —*J. Ewebank*.—Lord Monson.  
 212. Consolation.—*S. J. G. Jones*.—Duke of Bedford.  
 215. The Back of the Queen's Head, Islington.—*T. C. Dibdin*.—*J. Paget*, Esq.  
 233. The Christmas Present.—*W. Derby*.—Lord Ducie.  
 236. A Young Gipsy.—*J. Inskipp*.—*W. Ellis*, Esq.  
 247. Dead Game.—*G. Stevens*.—*J. Mott*, Esq.  
 261. Woodcocks.—*G. Stevens*.—*R. Holford*, Esq.  
 269. Dead Partridges.—*G. Stevens*.—*J. Mott*, Esq.  
 277. Interior of a Church.—*D. Roberts*.—Earl of Essex.  
 278. Neideilahnstein, on the Rhine.—*C. J. Scott*.—Rev. Mr. Edwards.  
 282. The Stinky Traveller.—*W. Buss*.—Duchess of St. Alban's.  
 287. Glengarroch Castle.—*Mrs. E. Terry*.—Duchess of Ormond.  
 300. Exeunt Omnes.—*H. Pidding*.—*R. Vernon*, Esq.  
 312. Harriers in the Kennel.—*R. B. Davis*.—John Mott, Esq.  
 328. Recollection.—*W. Borall*.—John Mott, Esq.  
 329. Morning Ablution.—*T. Clater*.—*C. M. Westmacott*, Esq.  
 330. The Stirrup Cup.—*A. Fraser*.—Lord Northwick.  
 343. On the Look-out.—*J. Zeitter*. ——— Bigges, Esq.  
 352. Adam and Eve.—*J. Wood*. ——— Mills, Esq.  
 358. The Harvest Moon.—*J. Inskipp*.—*W. Wells*, Esq.  
 371. The Poacher pursued.—*C. Hancock*.—Lord Monson.  
 373. A Heavy Gale.—*W. J. Huggins*.—Captain Towers.  
 383. Interior of a Ship's Cabin.—*H. P. Parker*.—Lord Monson.  
 388. Dog's Head.—*G. Stevens*.—Lord C. Townshend.  
 392. Composition; Landscape, Naides, Green Isle.—*James Johnson*.—Thomas Carlisle, Esq.  
 411. Landscapes, with Gypsies.—*J. Stark*.—John Mott, Esq.  
 412. Landscape.—*J. Stark*.—*H. Briggs*, Esq.  
 423. Heath Scene.—*F. W. Watts*. ——— Domett, Esq.  
 425. Chelsea Reach; Moonlight.—*E. Childe*.—*C. M. Westmacott*, Esq.  
 427. Woodcocks.—*G. Stevens*.—*J. Mott*, Esq.  
 434. Safe at Home.—*C. Hancock*.—*J. Mott*, Esq.  
 \*434. Benedicite, Holy Daughter.—*H. Liverseege*.—*C. Heath*, Esq.  
 435. Catherine Seyton.—*H. Liverseege*.—Mr. Agnew.  
 436. Landscape.—*P. Nasmyth*.—*D. Roberts*, Esq.

438. The Enchantress Armida, from Tasso.—*F. Y. Hurlstone*.—Lord F. L. Gower.
443. Ruins, Composition.—*D. Roberts*.—Earl of Essex.
444. Interior of a Church.—*C. Arrowsmith*.—Moore, Esq.
463. The awakened Brigand.—*L. Hicks*.—*H. E. Dawe*, Esq.
490. Waterfall.—*J. Wilson*.—*J. Mott*, Esq.
492. Interior.—*D. Roberts*.—*John Fawcett*, Esq.
521. Interior of Alford Church, Surrey.—*E. Hassell*.—Bulwer, Esq.
551. Fish.—*G. S. Shepherd*.—*J. Webb*, Esq.
561. Fruit.—*G. S. Shepherd*.—*J. Webb*, Esq.
584. Evreux Cathedral, Normandy.—*C. R. Stanley*.—Marquis of Lansdowne.
605. The Wrecked African.—*R. Brandard*.—*J. Webb*, Esq.
616. Trees at Northwick Park.—*D. Roberts*.—Lord Northwick.
698. Rabbits.—*W. Sanders*.—*J. Webb*, Esq.
703. At St. Omer.—*J. Collignon*.—*H. J. Whiting*, Esq.
710. Nash Lime Rocks, Herts.—*J. M. Ince*.—Lieut.-Col. Sir William Herries.
712. Heath Scene.—*G. S. Shepherd*.—Domett, Esq.
713. Market House, Hereford.—*C. F. Powell*.—Bird, Esq.
724. Exeter; an Evening Effect.—*G. S. Shepherd*.—Col. Johnson.
724. Coast of Kent.—*G. S. Shepherd*.—Miss Coombe.
732. Study from Nature.—*R. B. Davis*.—*J. Stewart*, Esq.
733. The Water Carrier.—*S. A. Hart*.—*James Carpenter*, Esq.
744. Wolves attacking a Horse.—*R. B. Davis*.—Lord Strathavon.
749. Ober Wesel, on the Rhine.—*D. Roberts*.—Griffiths, Esq.
749. The Church of St. Maclow.—*D. Roberts*.—Lord Wharnccliffe.
749. Rotterdam.—*D. Roberts*.—Lord Wharnccliffe.
749. The Palace of the Mafra in Portugal.—*D. Roberts*.—*W. Finden*, Esq.
794. Eaton.—*E. Cowell*.—*Thomas Myers*, Esq.
- \*763. Quay at Stockholm.—*J. M. Ince*.—Lieut.-Col. Sir William Herries.
776. Greenwich Pensioner.—*J. Holland*.—*J. Webb*, Esq.
- 789 A Wolf Hunt.—*R. B. Davis*.—*J. Stewart*, Esq.

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 CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Enthusiast*. By the late T. Lane. Engraved by R. Graves.—Moon, Boys, and Co.

WE feel much inclined to accuse ourselves of unpardonable neglect, in not having before noticed this work, especially as it is published for the benefit of the widow and family of the very promising artist who met his death in so melancholy a manner, the 21st of May 1828.

Mr. Lane was born at Isleworth, Middlesex, in the year 1800, where his father had retired, having been incapacitated, by illness, from his

profession as a drawing-master. He placed his son early in life with an engraver, in which branch of the arts he laboured assiduously, though his inventive genius prompted him more to the execution of original designs: of these he published several, and left a few others ready for publication, of which those given in the little works entitled "The Life of an Actor" and "The Show Folks\*" are excellent specimens of his powers. By these means he was rising into considerable notice, and his friends were well warranted in looking forward for a long life of prosperous circumstances for him, when the unfortunate accident referred to occurred.—He was engaged to go out with a party of pleasure; but waiting for some of the company, he went to view some buildings in Gray's Inn Lane, intended for a Bazaar, and in so doing fell through a sky-light, and falling on his head was killed upon the spot. His friends, attracted to the place by the report of an accident, were horror-struck to find such a result of their intended enjoyments. He left a widow and three infant children, for whose benefit this plate is engraved; and we cannot but strongly recommend it to the attention of the public, especially as it is really one of the best we have ever seen, both for subject and execution. In the latter respect, the engraver has fully done his part even in softening the crudities of the original, which, though eminently successful in the quiet humour of its design and accessories, yet showed the handiwork of a young painter. Were the world to judge of his loss merely by the engraving, we should have had almost at once to place him on a level with the first masters of any age in the same class of subjects.

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*The Tight Shoe.* By J. H. Richter. Engraved by Quilley.

OF the same school as the preceding, we only place them in juxtaposition to contrast the subdued and gentlemanly humour exhibited in "The Enthusiast," with the broad, we might say vulgar and farcical, expression in this. It cannot but be matter of regret to every true lover of the arts to see talent wasted upon such subjects as only perpetuate the taste too prevalent with many portions of the public, who fancy burlesque and exaggeration to be the best recommendations in works of art. Labouring as we do to remove this predilection, we cannot but oppose every attempt like the present to cater to such a vitiated taste.

\* With this *jeu d'esprit* (if such it may be called) is given a short memoir of Lane, with an account of his works, for which and the designs alone it is well worthy the patronage of the public.



*Illustrations of Don Quixote.* Designed by H. Alken. Engraved by J. Zeitter.—Tilt, Fleet-street; and Leggatt & Co.

ILLUSTRATIONS of a favourite author, especially of comic genius, seldom can realise the expectation of the admirers of that author. Each one pictures to himself some ideal representation; and the more deeply he feels the admiration, the more likely is he to be disappointed. Taking this into consideration, we must say, nevertheless, that we have here a very successful delineation of subjects, taken from a work as difficult as any to be described; and the fact that they remind us of that work without tempting us to exclaim against them as unworthy of the author, is to our minds sufficient recommendation of their merit. The designs are very neatly "got up," and will be found a valuable acquisition to the drawing-room table.

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*Sampson taking away the Gates of Gaza.* Designed and Engraved by J. S. Lucas.

MR. MARTIN will have much to answer for at the bar of Taste, if he ever shall be called to account for having led so many astray by the magical effect of his imaginings. Of his school, however, this is not an unfavourable specimen; and Mr. Lucas, by being the engraver of his own design, has followed the example of his "great original," which we could wish to see done more generally; as by this means more spirit must of necessity be infused into their works, from the greater *con amore* (if we may use the expression) attendant upon the recording the artist's own designs, which few others, merely copyists, can catch. This is a practice we should wish strongly to inculcate on artists as the most certain and conducive, even for that which we trust is the main object of their endeavours, the establishment of a just fame. Few, very few persons can hope to possess a Claude; but his etchings, as brilliant almost as his pictures, are within the compass of every one. Hundreds thus also are delighted with, and taught to admire the genius of a Hogarth or a Martin by means of their engravings, who never saw one of their original pictures: and so will artists find that their truest policy is not to trust the perpetuating of their reputation to other hands than their own. That much disinclination exists against this practice is well known; but how much of that arises from idleness, how much from prejudice, and how much from a culpable disregard of every future consideration, we fear it would little redound to the honour of our modern artists to inquire. Where, however, we find an example to the contrary, we feel glad to afford the acknowledgement of our approbation.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a very sincere well-wisher to the course advocated by the Library of the Fine Arts, and desirous of promoting its success and reputation, I cannot avoid noticing two errors as they strike me (one indeed, as a *matter of fact*), and, though trifling, such as should not escape detection: they occur in your June Number.

In the notice of the National Gallery, *Thomson* (erroneously spelt with a *p*) is classed among the dead; whereas he is happily yet likely to live, row, and fish, if not to paint, many years. His works, and some others, it is there wished, should supersede the "*inanities of West*." Now I trust that on reflection, the impropriety and injustice of this phrase, more particularly in a work devoted to British Art, must be sufficiently apparent to the writer to prevent its repetition. I am not now going to discuss the energy and elevation of style evinced in many of Mr. West's compositions; and though those at our National Gallery may not be of his finest works, the character applied to them as *inanities*, is wholly uncalled for and out of place.

VERUS.

[We believe we know the hand-writing of our correspondent, whose favourable opinion we should feel proud to possess. The Editor of course cannot be answerable for every opinion expressed by his contributors; but in this instance, there seems after all not very much difference between his correspondent and the passage complained of.]

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Islington, July 23, 1831.

SIR,—May I request the favour, through the medium of your excellent publication, of any information relative to the family, &c. &c. of an eminent artist of the name of *Dance*, who was, I believe, a contemporary of the admirable *Reynolds*. From the specimens I have seen of his works, principally portraits, and some few historical subjects, I do not hesitate to class him among the first painters of the last century. I need only mention his whole-length of Garrick in Richard the Third, and the Orpheus, as corroborative of my assertion, both of which are now in the collection of Sir W. W. Wynn. Unfortunately for the fame of this artist, but very few of his works have been engraved, consequently he is less known in the world of Art than many who were far inferior to him in point of talent. My motive for thus writing to the Editor is in consequence of not being acquainted with any other medium through which I can gain the information I so much wish for.

J. D. E.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

## EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS.

WE will take the present opportunity of this Gallery being opened, to say a few words on its management. It has often appeared to us a most incomprehensible apathy, not only on the part of artists themselves, but of the people generally, at least of those who are accounted patrons of art, that, considering the number of artists, not resident in London alone, but dispersed in many of the provincial towns, who exhibit here, there should be only two places for sale, and but one for exhibition; and that the two most important and influential Institutions should be destitute of the means of successfully and fairly benefiting the artists: and, strange to say, it is only within the last eight years that London has possessed two places for sale,—the great success of the Society of British Artists clearly and indisputably demonstrating the urgent necessity there existed for it. Since the year 1805, the artists are treble in number; whether good or bad is foreign to our purpose; it is enough that the number exists. The principles on which this Gallery was established are the most patriotic and benevolent; we say benevolent, because it was really an act of charity to artists. But it is too evident for contradiction, that the successive directions have departed from the liberal intentions of the founders, and have not enlarged the accommodation, and so not consulted the interests of the arts, which, as directors of the establishment, the increasing number of exhibitors, and consequent want of space, urgently demanded of them. Is it possible that the individuals whose names are always prefixed to the Catalogues as Presidents and Directors, should be insensible to the fact, that the size of the British Institution is totally inadequate to fulfil its original purposes? Must they not be aware of the many, many works annually rejected; and can they be ignorant of the consequent disappointment, poverty, and extreme of distress, which it occasions? This present call on their benevolence and spirit would not be made on them, if it was not supported by the all-powerful claim of right and justice. They have enrolled themselves as supporters and managers of the Institution, and as such are certainly responsible and accountable to the world, especially to the artists.

The question naturally arises,—For whom was this Institution established? what portion of the community is it meant directly to benefit? Arts and artists certainly. And again, By whom is it supported? from

whence does its vast annual revenue accrue? From the artists:—if it were not for the Paintings, of course there would be no visitors. And surely then it is not too much for artists to demand some portion of favour, even if it ought not to be conceded of right. On another point, beside that of being a place of exhibition and sale, it is a particular object of its principle to encourage the native school of design in painting, by premiums for commissions, and bounties for the best painted works. But these solid favours are “like angel visits, few and far between,” for there has been neither commission nor bounty given since 1828! It is also especially their object, to “encourage the native school of design in sculpture”: this principle is, we presume, more in theory than in practice. In the first place, where is there a suitable space for it? Secondly, when was it ever known for the British Institution to give a premium for the best piece of sculpture? Is it not then perfectly inconsistent, that the first Institution of the country, established for the most essential benefit to the art, should be so limited in space, and should be the smallest establishment in the country? Fashion has so willed it, that here she holds her court triumphant and supreme; and it is perhaps on the whole well for the arts to possess so powerful a coadjutor. We only wish to see her patronage more effective.

On the useful tendency of these annual exhibitions of paintings by the old masters to improve public taste, it is hardly necessary for us to expatiate, at least not now, when we are obliged to speak more briefly than we could desire of this attractive assemblage of some of the choicest productions of the pencil; and must confine our notice to little more than a bare mention of such as made the greatest impression upon us. Of Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, and Reynolds, there are several specimens; of Raphael, Guido, Murillo, Domenichino, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and Rembrandt, one or two each; and one of Velasquez. There is also a liberal display of works of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and some specimens of the modern, although not the present, French schools in Watteau and Greuze.

Passing over Domenichino's ‘St. Agnes’, from His Majesty's collection, which is a genuine production and nothing more, being in our opinion hardly worthy of the author of ‘St. Jerome's Communion’, we gaze at first with surprise and afterwards with satisfaction, on the ‘Venus and Cupid’ of Cangiagio. There is so little indication of colour, that were it not for a piece of drapery in which a tinge of red is visible, this picture might be taken for a piece in *chiar' oscuro*: but there is a grace and feeling about it that captivate us when we come to examine it, and which render it deserving of study. The Venus herself, is one

of those delineations of female elegance that remind us of similar subjects by Reynolds, of whose style and sentiment the whole picture partakes not a little.

Just beneath the preceding hangs one of the choicest productions of Vandyke's pencil, 'The two Sons of Villiers Duke of Buckingham'. This work alone would stamp his reputation as one of the finest colourists and most graceful portrait-painters the world ever saw. It is perfect nature, set off by consummate art and the most exquisite taste, at the same time that it is devoid of all artifice, and equally so of what is generally understood by "effect." Of "force," too, there is as little, —that is, there is no appearance of effort; but what power and bewitching mastery! Can anything, as mere painting, surpass the red satin dress of the elder boy? Yet how infinitely superior is it to the mere imitation of the material itself! But why do we talk of dress, when the spirit of vitality and intelligence is breathing from those ingenuous countenances, and the stamp of true nobility is impressed on their forms? Compared with this prodigy of portrait-painting, there seems to be something of an affected, artificial character even in the works of such men as Reynolds and Lawrence,—a certain consciousness of his aim on the part of the artist that reveals itself to the spectator. Here we can detect nothing of the kind; the whole seems to have proceeded from impulse and spontaneous feeling. There are many other specimens of Vandyke's powers in this gallery; the 'Portrait of the Countess of Devonshire' (No. 17.), a 'Virgin and Child' (No. 33.), and a 'Man's Head,' (No. 34); yet admirable as they all are, especially the latter, which is full of spirit and energy, they do not possess the singular fascination which renders his first-mentioned picture a *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist and his art.

In the same line with this superlative Vandyke, hang a Titian and a Reynolds, both of them fine and characteristic specimens of their respective styles. The first of these a 'Holy Family in a Landscape,' from the collection of W. Wilkins, Esq. is a splendid display of colouring, rather hyperbolical, perhaps, in some passages; but the masses are so well contrasted and balanced, that the effect of the ensemble is perfectly harmonious: as a composition also, it possesses a high degree of merit. Splendid as this picture is, that of our English Titian—namely 'The Snake in the Grass,' does not suffer from its vicinity to it; but looks like a glowing vision of poetry contrasted with reality. Its undulating and undefined contour, its rich but somewhat arbitrary tints, its mingling lights and shades melting into each other, all contribute to render it a model of the luscious and somewhat sophisticated style where the sensual predominates over the intellectual part of art.

What a contrast do we perceive here between Vandyke and Reynolds ! The former is replete with serene dignity ; the latter with exuberant gaiety, attempered by elegance. And placed between the two, Titian, more energetic than either, seems to be equi-distant from the unaffected simplicity of Vandyke, and the wanton luxuriance of Reynolds. We know not whether this glorious trio of pictures was so hung for the express purpose of bringing into immediate contact the three masters, and thereby forcing an instructive comparison of their respective qualities ; but if the arrangement has been merely fortuitous, it has been a singularly happy accident.

No. 9, 'A Lady with a Fan,' gives us assurance that if Cuyp is not celebrated as a portrait-painter, it is not because he wanted ability to earn himself distinction in that branch of art. Here is a head of a female, who, if she ever looked into her mirror with the hope of discovering beauty there, must have needed a considerable share either of vanity or philosophy to have reconciled her to the tale it told : and yet the artist has made her quite captivating ; not, indeed, by virtue of her charms, but by virtue of his own skill, and of the truth with which he has expressed her image. Next to this is a 'Portrait of a Venetian Lady,' by Pordenone ; an able picture, although far less attractive than the one we have just mentioned—less attractive in every respect ; for had the dames of Venice been in general as hard-featured and ill-favoured as this austere-looking matron, Venice would have been more celebrated for propriety than for gallantry and gaiety. And we may remark, that whatever poets are pleased to say of the charms of Venetian females, the painters tell rather a different story ; for Paul Veronese's portrait of the wife of the Doge Grimani (No. 56) is very far indeed from being beautiful ; neither is the 'Recumbent Venus' of Titian (No. 163) by any means remarkable either for loveliness of countenance or elegance of shape ; so that were it not for her luxurious display of her figure, we might mistake her for some honest housewife.

No. 11, 'An Inn Door, with Figures,' by Ostade, is one of the most delightful compositions of its class in the whole Exhibition. It is admirably coloured, and as perfect as when it left the easel ; nor can any thing be more rurally picturesque than the buildings or the landscape. And that gray pony !—to do him justice the picture ought to be named after him ; and such should be its title were we so fortunate as to be its possessor.

No. 19, 'Raphael and Fornarina,' is a small cabinet picture delicately finished, and exhibiting an attention to detail and an air of nature that must astonish every one who has formed his ideas of the painter of

Urbino, from the Cartoons, and the Stanze of the Vatican. There is little of the ideal in this piece, nothing of the grand style, and very little of that refinement of form we look for in all that proceeds from his hand; but there is an unaffected earnestness and simplicity of expression, an eloquence of passion in these two lovers that irresistibly win us to admiration. Never were unsuspicious confidence and devotion more eloquently portrayed.

Not far from the above hangs a magnificent landscape by Gaspar Poussin (No. 22). There are some others here by the same master; but not one of them is, in our opinion, equal to this either for the rich sylvan beauty of its scenery, or its fine and solemn, but not exaggerated tone of colouring. The various and finely-formed groups of trees are well contrasted and relieved; and the aerial perspective admirably preserved. There is also a remarkably fine 'Sea Port' by Claude on the same side of the room; and a 'Forest Scene' by Hobbima, but the latter looks rather cold and hard compared with the Poussin.

No. 24, 'St. Catherine receiving the Crown of Martyrdom' is a small, yet free and spirited specimen of Paul Veronese. As a subject, indeed, it is not of any particular value; but it is a capital study, and forcible in its colouring and execution, although the effect is rather sober than rich.

Guido's 'Coronation of the Virgin' (No. 29) is an elaborately finished cabinet picture, possessing the brilliancy and not a little of the glare and hardness of enamel. With much grace there is also some affectation, and a degree of uniformity in the attitudes of the figures on the opposite sides, that give the whole a greater formality than is altogether pleasing. Although, too, the separate figures are for the most part beautifully executed; there is so little keeping or harmony, that the *ensemble* wants both unity and repose. The attitude of the Virgin herself, who is looking upwards, while she extends both her hands downwards, is full of that particular kind of studied gracefulness for which Guido is so celebrated; but the countenance although sufficiently expressive of humility and devotion is not particularly dignified.

By Velasquez there is a small whole-length portrait of the 'Infant Don Balthazar on horseback, attended by the Duke d'Olivarez' (No. 43); a masterly performance, boldly drawn, and firmly handled. The young prince, however, looks quite gigantic compared with the other figures, and with the scale of the houses that form the back-ground.

We now arrive at a grand display of pieces by Rubens, which occupy a considerable space on the same side of the room with the preceding



subject. The most conspicuous of these is No. 47, 'The Triumph of Silenus', from Sir R. Peel's collection. This truly magnificent picture breathes an air of sensuality and animal joy that would be almost gross, were it not divested of its offensiveness by the refining power of art, which, addressing itself to the intellect, affords a gratification in some degree the reverse of the corporeal enjoyment here so vividly expressed. In this respect Rubens may be said to be the Ariosto of painting, apparently abandoning himself to the unchecked luxuriance of his imagination, yet preserving a check upon its impetuousness, even while revelling amid the loosest fancies. The composition of this picture, and the variety of character it exhibits, are as masterly as its execution is superb. The figure of Silenus is expressive of the most perfect rapture of corporeal indulgence; he is not stupified but entranced in ebriety, for it is only the overpowering ecstasy that has seized him, which prevents his exhibiting his delight by his gestures. The livelier vehemence of petulant gaiety is manifested by the satyr who supports him, and who is uttering a phrenzied laugh of the wildest mirth. A third contrast is exhibited in the person of the Faun, at the right-hand corner of the picture, whose significant attitude and gestures render him an apt personification of libidinous appetency. Compared with the others, the female figure is unsatisfactory; she is a buxom Flemish dame, but not a bacchante; and has little of the riotous inspiration which masters her companions. The figures are half-lengths, of the size of life.

On either side this wonderful production hangs another fine work of the same pencil. That on the left of the spectator, No. 46, is a large landscape with figures, representing a rural champaign full of sunshine, warmth, and splendour; while the other, No. 50, is a winter scene in a farm-yard, with a fall of snow; and it is, if anything, still more admirable, as it shows the skill with which the painter has overcome the difficulties of so intractable a subject. Cowering around a fire are seen a group of gipseys, who have taken shelter beneath a spacious cattle-shed, where are cows and bullocks, and several persons engaged in various occupations. What versatility of talent, in the same artist, do even these three pictures alone exhibit; and to them, too, we may add as a proof of his felicity in a very different class of subjects from any of these, the noble 'Christ Triumphant', No. 136, in the south room.

Immediately over the 'Silenus' is the 'Marriage Feast', at Cana, by Murillo, No. 48, a piece more remarkable for the clearness than the warmth of its colouring. If, however, the subject possesses few striking or superior qualities of any kind, there is another by the same master,

'The Immaculate Conception', No. 165, which is truly admirable for the ineffable grace, sweetness, and purity expressed in the Holy Virgin; and which might well claim for Murillo the title of the Guido of Spain.

The last picture we shall mention in this room—although our conscience accuses us for passing over any in silence, our only excuse being that we are not writing a professed *catalogue raisonné* of the works here collected—is No. 53, 'A Woman looking from a Window', by Rembrandt; this possesses an extraordinary degree of illusion, and shows how much may be accomplished by pictorial skill alone, be the subject ever so uninteresting and common-place in itself. But here we must break off for the present, notwithstanding that we have made the tour of only one room; reserving our notice of the other pictures till our next Number.

## MISCELLANEA.

*National Gallery.*—During the last month, the paintings bequeathed by the late Rev. Holwell Carr, to the nation, thirty-three in number, have been opened to the public; in our next we propose to give an account of the works in the gallery, with such observations as may occur to us on Col. Trench's plan of adapting Buckingham Palace to the purposes of a National Museum and Repository for works of art. That gentleman has been long distinguished for his desire to promote the architectural improvements of the metropolis, and every suggestion of his, will be received with the attention it deserves. We fear, however, that adapting will be found quite as expensive, and after all not so satisfactory, as the erection of a suitable gallery as suggested in our last. In a recent report, by the directors of the British Institution, we find a hint given, that the subject will be strongly urged upon Government, and no doubt the directors of that institution will be well entitled to meet with every attention in their recommendations. In the same report it is stated that the sales during the last exhibition of paintings, by modern artists, amounted to 110 in number, and 5316*l.* in value.

*Royal Academy.*—The exhibition at Somerset House closed on Saturday the 23rd of July, after a season, which, though extremely successful, yet was subject to the influence of that depression which

has, unfortunately, affected every pursuit during the late excitement of the all engrossing subject of political disquisition. Every friend to the welfare of the country, and the arts in particular, must earnestly pray for a speedy and satisfactory settlement of a question, which the longer it is left in suspense cannot fail to keep up a most lamentable state of irritation in the public mind, and inattention to every other pursuit.

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*The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Northern Academy of Arts, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, was opened to the public on the 1st of July, with a most excellent collection of modern pictures. Amongst the contributors are the names of Copley Fielding, Hofland, Good, Clatter, Lewis, Knight, Stanley, Inskip, Rogers, Parker, Colvin Smith, Ramsay, Richardson, Shayer, Vincent, King, Crome, Stark, Hodgson, Ince, Lee, O'Connor, Buss, &c. &c., and an evident exertion and improvement on the part of the resident artists, altogether forming a display equally attractive as those in former years. Few provincial institutions have done more for the advancement of both the general cause of the Fine Arts as well as the interests of the artists than the Northern Academy of Arts, which is consequently well worthy of the support of artists by their works to its future exhibitions.

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We have seen a beautiful lithographic view, by Mackenzie, of a chapel to be built at Leytonstone. It is (in the Gothic or English style, just emerged from the Norman) simple, yet singularly characteristic and picturesque; the latter quality being greatly increased by the situation of the tower (at the south-west angle of the building), which adds its width to that of the west front, and thus another architectural excellence is attained, namely, that of making an object appear larger than it really is. In a word, it is one of the most pleasing designs we remember to have met with, and we regret that the circumstance of the print being intended for private distribution only, must prevent its coming generally into the possession of the student and amateur.

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*Exhibition of Portraits*: Harding and Lepard's.—This exhibition we observe is also closed for the season, and we trust with as favourable results to the spirited proprietors as it has been of gratification to the numerous visitors. In a spacious suite of rooms, part of their establishment, Messrs. Harding and Lepard have, with much taste, had arranged the drawings made from the best authenticated portraits in the different collections throughout the kingdom for their truly national work, the

**Gallery of Portraits.** This work has been so long before the public as almost to take it out of the proper sphere of our observation ; but for such a purpose we may be allowed to go a little out of our way to bear our testimony to the value of the publication, as well for its literary as its graphic merits. The latter are of the highest order, and the literary portion is equally worthy of them, and of the characters it is intended to illustrate. Holding, as we do, that biography is the most interesting of all studies, and as an inseparable part of history the most important, we could not suggest any work we should sooner recommend to be put as early as possible into the hands of our youthful aristocracy ; as the clear and classical narration of the lives of the illustrious personages whose portraits are given, would give so accurate an idea of their characters as impressed upon their memory by the aid of the plates, would be attended with the most beneficial effects. Had the Lives been given at a little more length, they might therefore have been, in this point of view, more acceptable ; but certainly more matter could not have been compressed into a shorter compass.

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**Panoramas.**—Two of the most effective of these delightful exhibitions which we ever beheld are at present open to the public ; we mean those of Madras by Mr. Daniell, R.A. and Mr. Parris ; and that of Bombay by Mr. Burford. That of Hobart Town is much inferior to both in point of general effect, as a work of art, as well as of interest in the subject. Visions of "the gorgeous East" flit before us in the former, which almost give a reality to the chimeras and wonders treasured up in our imagination in connection with every reference to those romantic regions. With regard to the other, however, the land of convicts and kangaroos, we may look with curiosity, and the philosopher may muse over its future destinies ; but there is nothing of the poetry of life mingled with its associations, and the fairest landscape on earth will not bear to be dwelt upon, unless there be something given with it interesting to the feelings of human nature. Where there is little or no room for improvement, we have no right to complain of the *unprogressing* merits, except on the stage, of this branch of art ; but perhaps it is sufficient commendation of them to find that the public are always ready to receive every fresh subject offered to their notice with equally renewed relish.

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**Hobhouse's Life of Lord Byron.**—This work, which we announced in our first Number as about to be published, we regret to state is now abandoned, though the plates which were executed in the first style of

workmanship were prepared. Mr. Hobhouse has also thought proper to withhold from the publisher the letters he intended to insert into the work, in consequence of which it cannot be produced at least for the present, as the public might have expected. We regret the circumstance, and we should regret it still more but for the hope that the artists who have laboured so long and so meritoriously for its success as the means of connecting their reputation in some measure with the poet's, will not eventually be disappointed.

The prospectus of Mr. Harding's Landscape Annual is published with a Specimen Engraving, and promises to the admirers of art the full realizing of their expectations. The whole world of annualists are already exerting themselves with becoming activity; but we fear that the public mind has received a shock from the late concussion of parties, which it will take an age to recover for the encouragement of these elegancies of private life. Even we are almost tempted to turn polemics and protest against the agitation and suspense which has for so long a period had such a disastrous effect upon every liberal art.

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*James Northcote*

A. Wivell Del.

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